RADZIVIL,

A

ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSS

OF

THE CELEBRATED

M. WOCKLOW.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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RADZIVIL.

THE DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA.

I WAS never ſo ſtrongly convinced of the propriety of the ſtep I had ſuggeſted to the beſt of women, as when I found myſelf ſeated by her ſide, in a ſtrong, but clumſey chaiſe, on the pleaſant road which leads to the town of Ens, along the banks of the Danube.

There was room enough in this comfortable vehicle, for Julia to ſit

perfectly at her eaſe, between us. The morning was lovely, though cool; the proſpect delightful, and the fellow who conducted us, ſimple and good humoured.

Time had blunted the attacks of that grief, which the Counteſs did not ceaſe to feel, from the myſterious ſituation of her huſband, and a calm pleaſure, which even the narrowneſs of our circumſtances, and the uncertainty of our future fate, could not diſſipate, reigned over us.

It ſeemed as if the bracing qualities of a ſalubrious air had deſtined to us, an unbounded flow of ſpirits, which the ſingularity of our ſituation had checked, though it could not wholly control. The thoughts of her father and ſiſter would,

would, doubtleſs, now and then cloud the brow of Julia; but where is the ſorrow that owns not the alleviating hand of time?

"How glad," would this lovely girl exclaim, "how glad I am that we "have quitted yon hated town! Po-"verty, is doubly poverty, when it "muſt be endured amid the miſeries "of a metropolis; where luxury con-"trives to vitiate the morals, without "relieving the wants of the poor.— "Should I ever become rich again, "my dear mother," and ſhe forced a ſmile, "I ſhall, at leaſt, know ſome "of my duties towards ſociety."

Her mother ſqueezed her hand, and looked in her face with a glow of affection, which I alone could witneſs; for

ſhe was, from her ſituation in the carriage, rather behind her daughter, and could only ſee her in profile. I did witneſs it——it was a divine commentary on maternal tenderneſs.

When we locked up the houſe, in which they had lived, I heard Julia ſigh—it was at the laſt turn of the key. "If you were ſo glad to quit your old "houſe, Julia," ſaid I, "why did "you ſigh?"

"What term have you," ſaid ſhe, "to expreſs that effect by which the "moſt inſignificant objects inſenſibly "ſteal on our affections, from a long "acquaintance? Beſides, I was moved "by the good wiſhes and affectionate "adieus of our poor neighbours."

Her

Her cheek glowed as ſhe ſaid this, and, as I ſaw that her eyes were brim-full, I changed the ſubject.

We found, upon comparing notes, that ſhe had left behind her a favorite muff, and that I had omitted to bring away a ſmall box of papers. She regretted the muff, at firſt, as the gift of her dear couſin Caroline——"After "all," cried ſhe, "I have nothing to "do but to keep my hands warm by "work."—As to my papers, as there were neither bonds, nor bills of exchange among them, I bequeathed them cheerfully to the firſt finder.

We arrived about ſeven in the evening, at a tolerable inn, which ſtood at the entrance of a ſmall village, on the banks of the river; where we made a moſt refreſhing meal upon

ſome cold proviſions, with which I had ſtored the chaiſe; neither were the accommodations bad, nor the people inattentive; yet their familiarity ſhewed plainly that they knew not the rank of their amiable gueſts——Nonſenſe!——How ſhould they?

The Counteſs and Julia occupied one bed, in a decent dry chamber; I procured a quantity of clean ſweet ſtraw, in an outward room.---It is a bed which the ſervice has rendered familiar to me, and I enjoyed a moſt profound ſleep.

We aroſe early the next morning; the air was colder than before, and the day, not altogether ſo fine as the preceding one. However, we drew the ſtrong leather curtains of our old-faſhioned

ſhioned cabriolet around us, and contrived to beguile the hours in converſation.

On the fourth day of our journey, we arrived at the town of Ens. In vain did our landlord, who was learned, endeavour to engage my attention, by telling me that it was built in the ſite of the famous Roman colony, Lauriacum.——I had ears for no converſation but that of my lovely friends.

We left the metropolis of Lintz, on our right, and proceeded towards Wells on the Traun.

THE HEATH OF WELSAR.

IT was late in the evening when we arrived on the dreary, and barren heath of Welſar. The night ſoon grew pitch dark; the driver, no longer able to ſee his way, had already quitted a ſeat, on which he ſat to drive, in the front of the chaiſe, and mounted one of the horſes, that he might, more eaſily, diſcern the track; when the beaſt ſuddenly ſtopped ſhort, ſnorted, and refuſed to move an inch farther.

The

The fellow, who, by this time, could ſcarcely ſee his horſe's head, began to exerciſe his whip. Our danger occurred to me inſtantaneouſly, and I deſired him to deſiſt and diſmount. He did ſo. In a moment I heard a ruſhing noiſe, as if ſomething were ſuddenly ſweeping down a precipice, and the loud daſh of a heavy body, into ſome water, which by the ſound ſeemed far beneath us. A diſtant cry of diſtreſs, left me no doubt of the accident which had befallen us; the Counteſs and Julia accompanied it with an involuntary ſhriek of terror—luckily our imminent danger did not deprive me of my preſence of mind. I drew out my travelling knife, and paſſing forward, carefully on the pole of the chaiſe, I cut the traces of both the horſes; I patted and ſpoke to them, and finding

that

that they ſtood ſtill, I crept along, till I reached their collars, when I let myſelf down between them, not quitting my hold till I felt a firm footing. I then cut the traces of the yoke, which ſupported the pole, and letting it gently to the ground, completely freed the carriage.

Upon looking about me, I thought I could perceive a ſteep deſcent within about a foot from the horſes heads, and a very dim gleam, which I took for diſtant water, on my left. I ſtepped carefully round the right hand horſe to the ſide of the chaiſe, aſſiſted Julia and the Counteſs to get out, and placed them directly behind it.

I then, again, went forward, and upon careful examination, finding that I had

I had ground enough on the right of the carriage, I took the right hand horſe by the head, and turned him carefully round; the Counteſs gladly conſented to hold him, while I brought round the other; which I did, taking care to turn him ſhort over the end of the pole.

We then entered into a conſultation on our uncomfortable ſituation; the horror we felt upon reflecting on the wretched fate, which was, probably, the portion of the poor fellow who had attended us thus far, was ſoon loſt in our gratitude to the divine hand of Providence, which had thus, almoſt miraculouſly, preſerved us.

We were reconciling to our minds, as well as we could, the idea of paſſing the

the night in this dreary ſpot, when the howl of a chilly guſt of wind, which had juſt ariſen, gave me hopes that the maſs of clouds, which then enveloped the hemiſphere, might be ſo far broken as to afford us a little knowledge of our ſituation.

This wind was accompanied by a pretty ſmart ſhower of hail, and as I was again going round to ſee whether it would not be poſſible to alter the poſition of the chaiſe, into the front of which the wind blew, that we might be enabled to paſs the night in it with more comfort, I eſpied a glimmering light, apparently at no great diſtance.

The hail-ſtorm now increaſed ſo violently, that, in ſpite of the ſhelter which the back of the chaiſe afforded us,

us, we were preſently ſeverely wetted. When it had a little abated, I went round the chaiſe again, on my firſt deſign, but found, upon examining it, the inſide ſo wet, that I trembled for the conſequences of ſuffering my dear friends to paſs the night in it; the effect of the wind, which ſtill continued to blow, though the ſhower had paſt over, was a faint degree of light through the breaking clouds; ſo faint, however, that nothing but the pitchy darkneſs which preceded, could have rendered us ſenſible of it.

The dangerous conſequence of ſuffering thoſe who now engroſſed my only earthly care, to paſs the night in the comfortleſs and wet condition, to which this ſtorm had reduced them, firſt ſuggeſted to me the idea of attempting

tempting to reach that light, which I had before deſcried, and which ſtill continued to glimmer.

When I ſuggeſted this to the lovely partakers of this night's diſtreſs, I expected, notwithſtanding a long conviction that they poſſeſſed a maſculine firmneſs of mind—the only maſculine quality about them—ſome oppoſition to my propoſal; for moſt women, while they ſhrink at an immediate, though trifling peril, defy, with much magnanimity, the diſtant, though deadly conſequences of late hours, nightly vapours, and damp clothes.

But why do I talk of the Coloni's and other women? They ſaw at once the neceſſity of this ſtep; and mutually recommending the caution of keeping in

in our minds, as well as we could, the ſituation of the chaiſe, leſt the object of our purſuit ſhould prove a mere vapour of the marſh, or be defended by ſome unſurmountable bar, from our approach, we proceeded ſlowly, the night juſt affording us light enough to ſee the ground we were to gain by the next ſtep.

After walking in this manner for ſome time, over this dreary heath, the wind ſtill howling around us, we could juſt diſtinguiſh ſomething like a track, which, we flattered ourſelves, led towards the light, for we could now perceive ourſelves gradually approaching it. After purſuing this track for ſome minutes, we found our farther progreſs obſtructed by a river. This was a moſt mortifying circumſtance after all our

our pains, particularly as our beacon now appeared at but a trifling diſtance; ſo trifling indeed, that I was convinced the ſtream could not be very broad, and entertained ſome hope of finding a bridge, which might enable us to paſs it.

We had walked for ſome time along the bank in purſuit of this object, when I obſerved a dark body on the ſurface of the water; this, upon approaching it, we diſcovered to be a flat-bottomed boat, faſtened to the ſhore.

After a ſhort heſitation, I propoſed to try whether I could paſs the ſtream alone in this boat, and obtain aſſiſtance at the houſe, from the window of which the light was ſeen. To this, however, the Counteſs and Julia objected, adding,

adding, that as the paſſage could not be wide, they were willing to attempt it with me.

There was a long pole in the boat for the purpoſe of working it, which led me to believe that the river was of no great depth; this, and the certainty that it was narrow, inclined me rather to riſque the attempt of paſſing it, than remain the whole night upon the heath, and I began to be convinced, that it was better to take the women with me, than to leave them behind.

We got into the boat, I cut the rope which faſtened her, took up the pole, and puſhed her from the ſhore. The wind continued to bluſter; the rain beat; the darkneſs rather increaſed than abated, and the boat drove down

the ſtream, in ſpite of my moſt vigorous attempts to ſtop it.

Let any man conceive my dread, when amid the howling of the wind, I could diſcover the roar of a deep falling water, at no great diſtance; I could perceive, by my ear, that we approached it——my heart ſunk within me——the water grew deeper; when, in the midſt of my moſt ſtrenuous exertions to ſtop our threatening progreſs, the boat drove ſo rapidly upon the pole, that it forced it from my hand. I now gave up all---I know not whether my deareſt friends perceived our danger——they ſat on a ſeat in the ſtern of the boat ſpeechleſs.——We continued in this ſituation for ſome time, unable to make a ſingle effort in our favor; when, by the bruſhing of a few twigs againſt

againſt the boat, I found we were driving under ſome trees, on the very ſhore we wiſhed to gain.

I was beginning to exult at our deliverance from a threatening danger, when a ſudden horror ſeized on every faculty, and luckily ſo far deprived me of the power of exclamation, as to prevent my communicating its effects to the Counteſs or Julia.

We were driving under theſe trees in a cheerleſs ſilence; the Counteſs and Julia ſeated at one end of the boat, and myſelf ſtanding up at the other, when my face encountered an object in the dark, which, as I puſhed it away with my hand, I thought I perceived to be the legs of an human body, ſuſpended from one of the trees;

luckily, I ſay, terror deprived me of ſpeech, and my dear companions, who were below this object, whatever it might be, paſſed on without any idea of my terrors.

Something now ſtruck the head of the boat and gave it a turn: perceiving this to be the trunk of a tree which inclined from the margin, over the water, I claſped it in my arms, and placing my foot firm againſt the head of the boat, I exerted my ſtrength ſo luckily, as to jamb it faſt between two trees, at the diſtance of about half a yard from the bank. Never did I experience a more heart-felt ſatisfaction, than when I handed the Counteſs and Julia on ſhore. They perceived that my hand ſhook, for the object I had juſt encountered, ſtruck ſo forcibly on my

my nerves, that my philoſophy was ſcarcely proof againſt it.

It has been my fortune to ſee ſome ſervice in the moſt trying ſituations; I hope I have ever done my duty; but on this night——perhaps, the recent dread of impending danger to thoſe I held moſt dear, had unmanned me—however it was, though my mind became ſoon collected, ſome time elapſed before my nerves recovered their tone.

We had been driven by the ſtream, below the building, from which we had perceived the light; this light was, however, ſtill in view, and we made what haſte we could towards it. After walking over much uneven ground, frequently ſtumbling at the roots of large trees, which had been felled, on

a ſudden we miſſed the friendly ray, which had hitherto been our ſole guide and object of purſuit.

This ſtruck us all with diſmay; we were prepared to conclude, that we had followed thus far a mere vapour, the exhalation of ſome fenny land near us, when, ſtepping forward, I perceived a high wall, at a very trifling diſtance before us. It immediately occurred to me, that ſome angle of this wall intercepted our light, which probably proceeded from the building itſelf. On advancing towards it, we found it ſurrounded by a kind of moat, over which was placed (luckily near enough for us to diſcover it) a broad wooden plank. After trying the ſtability of this temporary bridge, I conducted my two friends ſafely over it.

Oppoſite

Oppoſite to this plank, we perceived a large breach in a part of the building, which projected in a polygon of gothic ſtructure. Upon looking up I thought I perceived, for the night would not permit me to aſcertain it with any accuracy, the remains of gothic ornaments.

Curioſity tempted me to enter the breach, and, as I ſtretched my right hand along the inſide of the wall, it lighted on a damp moſs-grown ſtone, which I ſoon perceived to bear the figure of an armed head, in a recumbent poſture.

I was now convinced, that this place was a chapel, probably belonging to ſome old diſmantled caſtle. As the inſide of this chapel was totally dark,

it

it appeared to me moſt adviſeable to purſue our path round the outſide of the walls, and by that means to aſcertain the exiſtence of that light which had lead us ſo far.

We proceeded ſlowly, over fragments of ſtones, frequently intercepted by dwarf buſhes, or entangled in matted graſs and weeds, when, on turning a corner, our light again appeared. What a tranſcendent happineſs did its appearance afford. We could now plainly perceive that it iſſued from the top of a gothic window, the ſhutter of which was ill adapted to its form. We ſoon diſcovered a ſmall door, ſtudded with large nails, which, as we imagined, led to this part of the dwelling; and knocked.

In a few ſeconds, ſome perſon, in a voice which we conjectured to proceed from a female, though age had much impaired its tones, demanded who we were.

It was a conſiderable time before we could overcome the caution of this perſon. I at length deſired the Counteſs and Julia to ſpeak; perhaps the ſound of a female tongue, or, what is not improbable, that goodneſs of heart, which has its herald even in the voices of theſe women, procured us admiſſion.

Upon our entrance, which we did not obtain till after a conſiderable jarring of bars and bolts, a tall meager old woman, with a countenance by no means prepoſſeſſing, preſented herſelf to

to our view. She had a ſmall candle in her hand, by the light of which ſhe ſurveyed us with ſome degree of accuracy. After ſhe had uſhered us into a room, which, though meanly furniſhed, appeared to us a palace, at that moment, and had thrown ſome freſh faggots on a handful of expiring fire, I informed her of our ſituation.

As I did not chooſe to expoſe any great ſum to her eyes, I told her, that if ſhe would procure ſome dry clothes for the ladies, and give us houſe-room till the morning, I would recompenſe her amply on my arrival at the neareſt village, whither ſhe might herſelf accompany us. She ſurveyed us afreſh upon this intimation, and judging, I ſuppoſe, from our appearance, that we were able to perform the promiſe I had made,

made, her manners became leſs conſtrained, and ſhe courteouſly enough offered the Counteſs and Julia a change of clothes, if they could accommodate themſelves with her's, of which, though coarſe, ſhe thanked Heaven, ſhe had a good ſtock, and they ſhould, likewiſe, ſhe ſaid, be welcome to her bed.

Theſe offers I gladly accepted in their names, when an inconvenience occurred, which required my utmoſt reſolution to obviate. The old woman informed us, that the only part of the vaſt building we had diſcovered which was habitable, conſiſted of two rooms; the one, that in which we were then ſitting, and the other a little chamber, in which her ſon, who was gone to the next village, and would not return till the enſuing day, uſually ſlept; but

but that this little chamber had no fire place. The Counteſs and Julia both declared againſt expelling me from the fire while they changed their clothes; both ſtrenuouſly aſſerting, that they were not in the leaſt wet, but begged I would permit them to retire into the little chamber, while I put on a ſuit belonging to the old woman's ſon; and the Counteſs taking my hand with great affection, added, that ſhe had dreaded my being attacked by an ague, ever ſince ſhe had obſerved me to tremble ſo much upon our quitting the boat.

As I knew the cauſe of the ſymptom ſhe ſo much dreaded, I inſiſted, ſo peremptorily, that they ſaw it was in vain to oppoſe me, upon retiring into the little chamber whither I followed the old

old woman, who, placing a ſmall candle on a three-legged ſtool (which, with a truckle bed, compoſed the furniture of this apartment) ſhut the door between the two rooms, and diſappeared.

My mind, which, ſince the adventure in the boat, had continued in a ſtate of agitation, and awake to every impreſſion, would not permit me to ſit long on the ſide of the bed, where I had firſt taken my ſtation. I ſurveyed the apartment all round, with an eye of ſuſpicion; but my attention was particularly arreſted by a door, which I had not perceived at my entrance, but which was ſituate nearly oppoſite to that which ſeparated the two apartments. This door, as it was ſimply faſtened by an iron bar on the inſide, I felt myſelf ſtrongly tempted

tempted to open. Suſpicion urged me more ſtrongly than curioſity to this ſtep. I let down the bar, and opened the door: it opened, as I conjectured, into the hall of this vaſt old manſion: the long paſſages, leading to which, I judged, might cauſe the loud and inceſſant roar of the wind which aſſailed my ears. I pauſed for ſome time, when, through the howling of the ſtorm, I diſtinguiſhed a ſound which, I was perſuaded, was that of a human footſtep, echoed by the hollow arches of this deſolated manſion.

The thought of our unfortunate driver immediately occurred to me, and I could not help perſuading myſelf, however abſurd or improbable the idea, that he had eſcaped the fate to which we imagined him conſigned, and that chance had guided his footſteps

ſteps towards our aſylum. Irreſiſtably impreſt with this thought, I took the candle which the old woman had left me, and went out at this door. I found, as I had conjectured, that it led me to a ſpacious hall. The maſſy frames of the windows had been long deprived of their caſements. Amid the ivy, which had crept even along the inſide of the walls, ſome remnants of the tattered hangings ſhook in the wind, and an owl, probably ſcared by the light I carried, flew from the cornice through one of the windows.

I again thought I heard the ſound of footſteps: I walked lightly forward towards the ſpot from whence this ſound ſeemed to proceed, keeping down the right ſide of the hall, from which the door of the little apartment opened.

opened. I ſoon found myſelf in a lofty paſſage, when incautiouſly withdrawing my hand from the front of the candle (where I had hitherto kept it) that I might ſee more clearly, the wind of the paſſage blew it out, and left me in total darkneſs. I was then tempted to return, but the loſs of my light permitting me to diſcover a faint gleam, at no great diſtance before me, and the reflection, that while I only moved in a ſtreight line I ſhould eaſily find my door again, induced me to proceed.

I now approached this light, and had ſcarcely convinced myſelf that it proceeded from that very breach in the wall of the chapel, which we had remarked on our firſt arrival, when I ſtumbled over ſomething, which made every

every drop of blood curdle in my veins, for, from the feel of it, it could be nothing but a human corpſe.

When I recovered from my firſt emotions of ſurpriſe, I perſuaded myſelf, that my imagination, awakened by the ſingular adventures we had experienced, had carried me away, and was preparing coolly to aſcertain the fact, when, through the breach, I perceived a man walking over the ſame plank by which we had paſſed the moat, and advancing towards me, with a dark lanthorn in his hand.

Upon this I retreated as faſt as poſſible, till I gained the hall, where I thought myſelf out of ſight, and ſtopped. I ſaw this man enter the chapel, followed by another carrying a

ſpade, when I found my late alarm but too well founded. Theſe fellows had ſcarcely advanced to the middle of the chapel, when I ſaw them lift from the ground the corpſe of a man, clad, as well as I could perceive, in a blue coat, and put it carefully into a hole, which they had probably dug for the purpoſe.

I ſtaid to ſee no more. My thoughts were immediately fixed on my lovely friends, and I was determined to regain the apartments of this old hag, of whom I immediately began to entertain a very vile opinion, and there to reflect at leiſure on the conduct to be adapted at ſo alarming a criſis.

I ſoon found out my door, entered my apartment, and having ſecured it, tapped

tapped at the oppoſite door, to know if I might be admitted.

The ladies were not yet dreſſed. I told the old woman that my candle was extinguiſhed, and deſired her to give me a light: ſhe did ſo; and I had time to recover ſome degree of tranquility before I again ſaw my friends.

Having obtained a light, I examined my piſtols, which I had put into my belt on our quitting the chaiſe. I was likewiſe armed with a hanger, without which I never travel. I reprimed my piſtols; and though my mind was under ſome agitation for theſe beſt of women, I recovered ſo great a degree of ſerenity, when I was permitted to enter their chamber, that they did not ſuſpect my having

ever quitted the room, in which they apologized for having detained me ſo long.

The old woman now aſked us if we choſe to eat any thing, and propoſed cutting ſome raſhers from the remains of a bear-ham. The Counteſs and Julia felt little inclination for this kind of ſupper; and, Heaven knows, I felt as little to ſup at all. I aſked the old woman if ſhe had any thing to drink: ſhe ſaid ſhe had ſome excellent brandy. I recollected, that I had bought ſome biſcuits at the laſt town we had paſſed through: I had luckily three or four in my pocket. I made the women take ſome warm brandy and water, and a biſcuit a piece, when, finding an inclination to ſleep, they laid themſelves down on the bed belonging to the

the old woman, who aſſiſted me in covering them with a blanket.

I took my ſtation in a tolerable eaſy chair, by the fire ſide; and the old woman, having placed a freſh faggot on the fire, occupied her own chair, oppoſite to me.

The circumſtances which had occurred during the courſe of that eventful evening, while they urged to me the ſtrong neceſſity of an alert watch, ſo wholly occupied my mind, as to leave me no dread of falling aſleep. What I leaſt feared, however, happened: my thoughts, ſo long kept on the ſtretch, had worn me out, and I fell into an unquiet ſlumber. How long I had continued in this ſtate I know not; I was rouſed from it in the midſt of a

moſt horrid dream, the natural conſequence of the agitation of my ſpirits. I thought I was ſtill in the ſame room in which I really ſat, and that I was contemplating, with equal terror and aſtoniſhment, a human ſkeleton, which clung like an enormous ſpider to the rafters of the ceiling, when letting itſelf down gently to the floor, with a clatter which appalled me, it walked (the bones of the feet rattling as it trod) towards the bed where my ſweet friends were laid. At this moment a noiſe awakened me: I was alarmed at perceiving that the old woman had left her chair. I liſtened, and heard diſtinctly the voice of a man in the next room. It immediately ſtruck me, that this hag had betrayed us. I drew one of my piſtols, cocked it, and crept ſoftly towards the door, which ſeparated the

two

two rooms. I heard the old woman ſay, "God preſerve you from the "conſequences of it; I deſired you "to have nothing to do in the bu-"ſineſs."

"It is done now, and cannot be "undone," ſaid the man, with a kind of ſhudder, "and a diſmal job it "was."

I was now convinced that I was but too well acquainted with the job he alluded to. I looked through a hole in the door, which was made for the purpoſe of lifting a wooden latch, its ſole faſtening; and perceiving that there was but one man in the room, and that the door into the hall was ſhut, I uncocked my piſtol, replaced it in my belt, and lifting the latch gently,

gently, entered the room. At my entrance, I beheld a tall ſtout young man, who ſtarted at ſeeing me, and turned very pale.

The old woman, whoſe countenance I watched very narrowly, ſaid, without any ſeeming emotion, "My ſon, this "is a gentleman who has been driven "hither for ſhelter: come into the "next room, there is a fire."

I ſent her before to awaken the ladies, and acquaint them with the arrival of her ſon, leſt the preſence of a ſtranger ſhould alarm them. During this time I kept a good look out on my gentleman. I felt the door which led to the hall, and found it ſecured, as before.

When

When we entered the other room, we found the Counteſs and Julia ſeated near the fire. I took a chair near them, and oppoſite to the mother and this ſon, whom I had ſo dreadful a cauſe to ſuſpect.

The time paſſed in a kind of melancholy ſilence, interrupted only by wiſhes for the return of day. During this interval, the young man, from whom I ſeldom removed my eyes, got up, and went towards the door. I ſprung haſtily after him, and drawing a piſtol, which I cocked at the ſame time, told him it would be fatal for him to attempt to leave the room.

He again turned pale, trembled exceedingly, and returned to his ſeat. The mother, too, ſeemed now to loſe the

the uniform ſteadineſs of her countenance, and looked perplexed. The Counteſs and Julia ſeemed alarmed at my action, but ſaid not a word.

It was not long after this that we perceived, in ſpite of our candle, the pale light of the dawn peeping over the ſhutters. I turned to the old woman, and aſked her how far it was to the next village. She told me, that it was not quite two miles. I then ſaid, "I have promiſed to reward you, for "admitting us to ſhelter from the in-"clemency of the night. Your ſon "muſt accompany us to the next vil-"lage, and I will there ſatisfy him: "but I give him warning, if he leads "us a yard from the right path, the "moment in which I diſcover his trea-"chery ſhall be the laſt of his life."

The

The fellow then dropped on his knees: "Alas! ſir, I know not how "you have diſcovered me; but, for "Heaven's ſake, have pity on my "youth, indeed it is my firſt of- "fence."

"How!" ſaid I, "Can you have "the impudence to plead, that an "offence like this is the firſt? Do "you imagine that mankind will ſuf- "fer you to live, that you may com- "mit others of the ſame kind?"

"Alas! ſir," ſaid he, "the unfor- "tunate man was my brother in law;" —This, thought I, is the ſtrangeſt apology for murder that ever was made;—"his unhappy relations could "not bear to behold him wither, a "miſerable

" miſerable carcaſs on the tree;* and,
" as I live, ſir, I believe the officers of
" juſtice, who hung him there, were
" miſtaken. The robbery, it is true,
" was committed on the ſpot, and the
" carcaſs of the unfortunate victim
" found in the river; but my brother,
" though a bad man, did not commit
" it.

" As the only wiſh of his wretched
" wife, was, that he might be buried
" in the old chapel belonging to this
" caſtle, I was weak enough to be
" moved by her tears, much againſt
" the

* At this time, the Province of Upper Auſtria was ſo much infeſted by a daring banditti, that it was neceſſary to proceed in the moſt ſummary way. Troops were detached to ſcour the country, and wherever detected, the malefactor was hung up, without ceremony, on the next tree. The extenſive Heath of Welſar had been a place of great reſort to theſe ruffians.

" the advice of my mother, whom I " perſuaded that I was going to the " neighbouring village."

The film now dropped from my eyes: I had a clue to the inexplicable adventures of the night. I warned this poor fellow againſt tranſactions which might incur ſo ſevere a cenſure from the laws; but aſſured him that I would not reveal the ſecret which accident had diſcloſed to me, and told him, that if he would aſſiſt me to diſcover the ſpot where we had left the chaiſe, I would reward him for his and his mother's trouble, and diſmiſs him, if we could at all contrive to purſue our journey without him.

The ſhades of night now beginning to retire apace, the Counteſs, Julia, and

and myſelf, took leave of the old woman, and, under the conduct of her ſon, departed, in ſearch of our chaiſe.

The freſh air of the morning, which broke with uncommon ſplendor, was more than uſually reviving, after the fatigues of the night.

We ſtopped on a lofty, but narrow wooden bridge, which croſſed the river, at no great diſtance (as our guide informed us) from the ſpot where we had, the evening before, found the boat, to enjoy the ſavage beauties of this wild uncultured heath, when high upon the very edge of a ſtupendous precipice, which made us ſhudder as we ſurveyed it, we diſcerned our chaiſe. We were a little alarmed at not being able to diſcover the

the horſes with it, and quickened our pace, to gain the aſcent.

In the courſe of our walk, I aſked our guide how long he and his mother had lived in that lonely ſituation. He told me, that his mother had been bred up in the family, to whom that deſerted manſion had belonged, and who had now removed into Sileſia: that ſhe had long inhabited a cottage near, and that ſhe and his father had lived tolerably at their eaſe, on an annuity, which the ſteward of the eſtate had orders to pay them, as a reward for her paſt ſervices: that his father had died ſome time before, and that ſoon after his death, the cottage, which they had neglected to keep in repair, had fallen about their ears: that his mother, whoſe avarice increaſed with her

her years, had petitioned the ſteward to let her inhabit the only two habitable rooms in the manſion, which ſhe had accordingly furniſhed, and that the ſituation was not ſo dreary as I imagined; as the chief road acroſs this heath was within a quarter of a mile of the houſe.

We had not proceeded far before we ſaw a man advancing towards us on horſeback, leading another horſe in his hand. What was our ſurpriſe, when we diſcovered this man to be our driver, whom we had ſo long given over as loſt! The poor fellow, who was coming in ſearch of us, was half frantic when he met us, for the amiable manners of the Counteſs and Julia had won much upon his heart. He had, by ſingular good fortune, eſcaped the fate

fate which ſeemed inevitable. Upon ſtepping from his horſe with too little caution, he had actually alighted beyond the verge of the precipice; down which he fell, ſometimes intercepted by the bruſh-wood which grew upon it, till he plumped into the water at the bottom. Luckily for him, it was not, at this place, very deep. He was borne ſome way by the current; but, as ſoon as he recollected himſelf, he caught hold of a root in the bank, and began to conſider how he ſhould get out.

As this precipice was inacceſſible, and the water ſhallow, he reſolved to attempt the oppoſite bank, where he arrived without having been compelled to ſwim, in which exerciſe, however, he was not unſkilled.

He eaſily aſcended the bank, and hallowed out, to let us know that he was ſafe. The wind, however, which then ſprang up, probably prevented our hearing him.

After wandering about till the clouds of the night had ſomewhat diſperſed, he perceived himſelf on a high road; the ſame which (as our guide told us) croſſed the heath, within a quarter of a mile of the manſion, when, recollecting that the village we were in ſearch of, when this accident happened, muſt lie to the left, he purſued that track, and arrived there time enough to procure a comfortable lodging, which, however, he quitted before the dawn of day in purſuit of us.

With

With the aſſiſtance of our guide, we removed the chaiſe from its perilous ſituation, and having placed it on a level ſurface, and out of all danger, we contrived to harneſs the horſes to it, notwithſtanding the demoliſhed traces, ſo as to enable them to draw it empty as it was, to the neighbouring village.

We now diſmiſſed our conductor, with a handſome preſent for himſelf and his mother, and followed the chaiſe on foot, a mode of travelling we ſhould have preferred to that of riding in a damp carriage, even had the harneſs been better, and our poor fellow-ſufferers, the horſes, more in heart.

We arrived at length at an inn, the maſter of which was a very ſubſtantial farmer in that country.

As every thing in this houſe bore an appearance of cleanlineſs and comfort, I propoſed to my two friends, that they ſhould retire to reſt, as ſoon as they had breakfaſted; which, as the beds were uncommonly good (a circumſtance not very uſual in this country) they agreed to, after the moſt poſitive aſſurances from the landlady, that the bedding was thoroughly aired.

I thought it prudent to follow their example, as the ſtate of our harneſs and horſes forbade us to think of proceeding that day.

We

We aroſe, after ſome hours refreſhing ſleep, to an excellent dinner, when I related to my two friends the circumſtances I had before concealed from them.

The evening was ſpent in talking over the diſtreſſes of the preceding night; nor do I recollect to have paſſed many days of my life more pleaſantly than this.

ARRIVAL AT LAUSANNE.

LITTLE worth noticing happened during the reſt of this journey. We ſoon entered the archbiſhopric of Saltzburg; paſſed through the city of that name, and from thence through the fortified town of Kufſtein, to Inſpruc, on the Inn; from Inſpruc we croſſed the Tyroleſe, and at length arrived, without encountering any material accident, in the Pais de Vaud; there my friend had hired for us a pleaſant little farm, at no great

great diſtance from Lauſanne. It was evening, when our ſtrong old-faſhioned vehicle was dragged up one of the ſteep hills whereon the town of Lauſanne is built, which was our deſtined haven, after a fatiguing, though not wholly an unpleaſant journey.

On the next morning we paid and diſmiſſed our driver, who had luckily, on the preceding evening, procured a job for his horſes on his way homeward, as he had contracted to convey the chaiſe of a gentleman, who was to ſet out in three days for Inſpruc.

The chaiſe in which we came I had purchaſed in Vienna, not without a view to the convenience it might afford us, in little neceſſary, or perhaps pleaſurable excurſions from our farm; and on

on the next morning we procured horſes from the inn, and ſet off in it, accompanied by our friend, to take poſſeſſion of our deſtined retreat.

This little journey was ſo pleaſantly paſſed, in viewing the varied beauties of this charming country, in praiſing the ſituation of almoſt every farm we ſaw, and doubting whether it could be equalled by that towards which we were proceeding (for our friend, who diverted himſelf with our gueſſes, abſolutely refuſed to give the ſlighteſt deſcription of it) that we had arrived at our place of deſtination, before we had imagined we had travelled half the way.

We left the high road, which continued winding along the ſide of one of

of thoſe romantic hills, with which this country abounds, and which had juſt afforded, through a break in a magnificent grove of tall pines, a diſtant view of thoſe ſtupendous objects, the Glaciers, to deſcend gradually, through a ceaſeleſs plantation of vineyards, which ſpread from the very foot of the hill to the road above, into a beautiful, populous and cultivated valley.

We had ſcarcely proceeded a mile in this valley, before we came to the margin of a ſmall river, which, taking its riſe in the mountain of pines we had left, waters the valley as it winds its way to loſe itſelf in the vaſt lake of Geneva.

Purſuing

Purſuing the road on its banks, we entered a village of uncommon neatneſs; ſituate juſt at the ſpot where the valley, turning full to the right, brings this beautiful lake at once on the eye.

The ſituation of this village charmed us. What a lovely ſpot was the houſe on our right hand, as we were preparing to leave the village! it was ſituate on an eaſy aſcent: behind it a wood of beech and pines; before it the little river, and the road: on the one ſide, the village; on the other, the lake. The cattle in the yard—the dog at the gate—the grey-headed old man, who was mending a plough, in the ſimple attire of the peaſants of this country! While we were wrapt in admiration, ſome ſuſpicions aroſe in my mind;

mind; I glanced ſlily on my friend, and ſaw in his countenance a ſmile, replete with benevolence; the tear ſtood in his eye; it betrayed the rich ſatisfaction, which the good heart alone can feel, that his endeavours for our ſervice had ſo well ſucceeded.

"You ſeem to like that houſe," ſaid he to Julia; "I wiſh that was "our little retreat." "So do I," ſaid Julia, with much vivacity. "Do "you," ſaid he; "Why, then, let us "even drive up, and ſee what they will "ſay to us."

THE FARM.

OUR retreat indeed it was! and a more lovely one, in point of ſituation, no eye ever beheld. When we entered the houſe, we found, every where, occaſion to extol the prudence and forethought of our friend. The furniture was complete in every reſpect, but without oſtentation; it was plain, ſtrong, and uſeful. There was not a ſtove in the houſe, but, as is cuſtomary in this country, a large fire-

place,

place, with a hearth to burn wood on, an article which the farm furniſhed abundantly, as it included within its limits a portion of the beech and pines, which ſheltered it from behind.

An old woman welcomed us, in a plain ruſtic manner, on our entrance, whom my friend deſtined to ſerve us in the houſe, while her huſband, the peaſant, whom we had ſeen at the gate, worked in the farm.

My friend took me, when we had ſeen the houſe, to inſpect the out-houſes: the ſtables, barns, and other buildings, were all convenient, and in good repair.

In the yard we found three oxen for labour, two milch cows, three goats,

goats, and a ſow; and, in a paſture adjoining, a few ſheep, of the little breed, with which the adjacent mountainous country abounds.

The old woman had prepared a country dinner, rather more ſplendid indeed than uſual, for our reception.

We made a moſt comfortable meal, for our ride had procured us an apetite, and after dinner we ſet out, accompanied by our friend and the old peaſant to ſurvey our domains.

This walk was enchanting. The Counteſs and Julia grew enamoured of retirement; they admired every thing they ſaw, and promiſed ſoon to grow expert farmers.

On

On our return they reviewed the live ſtock; they examined even the carts, ploughs, and harrows. My friend had a *corps de reſerve* ſtill. As we were entering the houſe, after our walk, he pulled Julia by the arm—he had forgotten to ſhew us one thing. He led us round the yard, by a path which he had ordered to be made for the purpoſe, and opening the door of a little ſhed near the barn, we diſcovered ſome fowls of uncommon beauty.

"Theſe," ſaid he, "ladies, muſt "form your amuſement; while Manſ- "feld cultivates this little garden," pointing to a ſmall encloſed ſpot behind the houſe, "you muſt attend "theſe little animals."

My

My friend occupied one of the four beds he had provided for us, and remained a few days, till he ſaw us tolerably ſettled in our new habitation, and then departed.

As he was preparing to ſet off, in a ſhort time, for Vienna, I gave him an order on the bank there, in which the Counteſs and myſelf had lodged the little money we had ſaved from the wreck of our fortunes; for though I had taken bills on a houſe at Geneva, for as much as I thought would ſuffice to ſettle me (which bills I got diſcounted at Lauſanne) I found myſelf conſiderably deceived in my calculations.

We charged him to exert himſelf to the utmoſt, to gain ſome intelligence of

of the fate of the Count, which he faithfully promiſed us he would; and I took the precaution of deſiring him to communicate whatever intelligence he might obtain, whether good or bad, to me firſt, that I might ſoften the effects of it in breaking it to my fair companions.

I ſoon found that the old peaſant had put every thing in train for my *debut* on my new profeſſion. I found by his advice, that my friend had ſtocked me with fodder for my cattle, and a proper quantity of manure; and I was ſcarcely comfortable in my ſeat, before this thorough-paced farmer aſked me whether he ſhould go to plough on the next morning.

Behold me, then, fairly entered in my new occupation.

I always aroſe time enough to hail the riſing ſun. Often, after ſetting my old man to work, have I ſtretched along the valley, to gain the road on the mountain's ſide, before that glorious luminary had aſcended the horizon.

There have I leaned upon a fallen pine, to watch the ſublime moment, when its firſt blaze burſt over the gliſtening points of the diſtant Glaciers.

It was a moment of ſelf-ſatisfaction! of happy enthuſiaſm! of true religion! it was a moment to convict an atheiſt, and to ſhame thoſe ſordid humoriſts, who

who have amuſed themſelves in vilifying their own nature!—It was a moment to make man feel his dignity as man! and to yield him ſome idea of the dignity of his creator!

Often, when the labour of the day had ceaſed, have Julia and the Counteſs, each with an arm entwined in mine, beheld the evening ſun ſink in the boſom of the lake; with it ſunk the little aſperities of life, and the mind became calmed, by the calmneſs of the ſurrounding ſcene.

An univerſal benevolence is the offſpring of ſuch tranquility, and what, under the irritation of care, was condemned as vice, is, at a moment like this, pitied as the offspring of thoſe foibles, which the ſoul, conſcious of its own

weakneſs, feels impelled to forgive in others.

The Counteſs and Julia always aroſe at the ſame hour with myſelf.

When half an hour, or perhaps an hour, had elapſed in a walk, or in ſome little employment in my farm, I brought, to a plain but comfortable breakfaſt, an appetite which would not have diſgraced the ſtouteſt peaſant in the province.

This meal, as well as all our others, was rendered happy, by the converſation of my two lovely friends.

It was no ſooner finiſhed, than I found full employment till the hour of

of dinner, in attending to my veteran tutor in agriculture.

Our dinner was a plain, frugal, healthy meal, at which we indulged in a glaſs or two of light wine, the produce of a vineyard on the farm, a caſk of which had been purchaſed of the late tenant.

In the afternoon, if I found no occaſion for my labours in the farm, and the weather permitted it, we walked out.

In the winter evenings, we had recourſe to a pretty good library, with which I had made a point of furniſhing myſelf, and the time paſt ſweetly, as we intereſted ourſelves for the hero of ſome moral tale, while

the correct and chaſtened obſervations of the Counteſs, and thoſe dictated by the ſtrong ſenſe, and artleſs ſimplicity of Julia, generally formed a comment ſuperior to the original work.

It was often at thoſe periods, that we committed to paper the little occurrences of our peaceful day.

I had purchaſed for a trifle, at Lauſanne, a pair of ſmall, but ſtrong mules, which I thought might be of uſe in the farm; at the ſame time, that they might enable us to take ſome excurſions round the neighbouring country. Theſe, ſometimes, after ſervice on a Sunday, we harneſſed to our old vehicle, and I drove my two

two friends on many a charming expediton through this romantic province.

It was pleaſant to paſs at a ſlow pace through the neighbouring hamlets, on a Sunday.

The cheerful looks of the inhabitants, on this little interval from labour, all attired in their beſt clothes; the chaſtened mirth, devoid of riot, which ſeemed to rule their ſocial walks, or ſimple paſtimes, formed a picture at once intereſting to the mind, and improving to the heart.

Often, in the ſummer, when the beauty of the day has invited, and the buſineſs of the farm has permitted us, have we laden our chaiſe with cold proviſions, and, driving to

ſome

ſome lovely ſpot on the ſide of the lake, dined in a true paſtoral ſtile; as often have we ſpontaneouſly exclaimed, How poor is the luxury of a palace, compared to this?

Often, indeed, in our moſt pleaſurable moments, would an involuntary ſigh heave the boſom of the Counteſs—Often, when the milder beauties of nature invited to reflection, have I diſcovered the pearl of affection on the cheek of Julia—Often have I ſeen her eye dim with tears, while a ſeraphic benignity of countenance has owned the tranquil bliſs of the moment!—

Often has ſhe ſeemed to ſay, though an anxious and vigilant care for her mother's peace, has checked the expreſſion,

preſſion, "Where is my father? "Why is not my dear, my adored "ſiſter preſent?"

Often, when I have conſtrued her ſweet tear as expreſſive of the latter reflection, in ſpite of time, of philoſophy, and the pure flame with which my breaſt now glows for Julia, a ſudden torrent of grief would overwhelm me, and I have been compelled to turn away my face, that I might conceal the tear which would burſt, in ſpite of me, from my eye.

Yet time, which, happily for human nature, triumphs as truly over grief, as over the other univerſal objects of his controul, had rendered theſe melancholy retroſpects ſomewhat

leſs

leſs frequent, when my friend returned from Vienna.

He had made frequent enquiries, as well after the Count as his daughter: of the latter he could procure no intelligence; no clue could be obtained, which might afford the ſmalleſt aſſiſtance towards developing the fate of that dear unfortunate girl.

As to Coloni himſelf, the place of his confinement, if known to the court of Vienna, was concealed with ſuch extreme caution, as effectually to baffle every effort which might tend to its diſcovery. It was generally ſurmiſed, that he had already periſhed, and people did not ſcruple to ſay, that he owed his misfortunes to his influence at the court of Peterſburg, which he had

had ſo made uſe of, as to offend one of thoſe powers, who are known to ſway the Poliſh councils.

Upon receiving this intelligence, which I communicated, with as much caution as poſſible, in anſwer to the reſtleſs enquiries of theſe lovely women, the Counteſs ſeemed effectually to make up her mind, as to her unfortunate huſband; nor did either mother or daughter appear, after this communication, to entertain any hopes of again beholding the unfortunate Auguſta.

Another melancholy article was added to this intelligence, which tended conſiderably towards inducing them to relinquiſh all thoughts of again ſeeing their own country, and to look upon this retirement in future as their home: this

this was the approaching loſs of their near relation, the mother of Caroline, who lay ill at Cracow, and was probably about to leave her unhappy daughter, doubly oppreſſed, by the death of a mother, and the perplexed ſituation of her affairs, for the worthy retainers to the law had juſt contrived to twiſt them into ſo intricate a knot, as promiſed them years of profitable labour, if it ſhould be at laſt practicable, by human ſkill, to unravel it.

A PASTORAL SKETCH—

ITS EFFECT.

THE calm and tranquil happineſs of this life, which ſeemed to know but one alloy, began, by degrees, to ſap my firmeſt reſolve.

I had long, long ago, made a ſolemn determination, in my own mind, never to wed the charming Julia to poverty. It had always ſtruck me, in my cooler moments, as a ſelfiſh act: it

it was to gratify my own paſſion, at the expence of the happineſs of its object.

Our little retirement might, with care and induſtry, afford us a comfortable ſubſiſtance, in our preſent ſituation; but what could be done for a riſing family?

Could I overcome what the mind ſo ſtrongly revolted at, the idea of educating the offspring of Julia Coloni as peaſants, ſtill would our pittance render exiſtence comfortable to them, even in that degrading ſtation?

Would not, laſtly, the conſequence be, a life of labour, to which ſhe was yet uninured; of pain, of vexation, perhaps of ſickneſs, the miſeries of which

which I could not alleviate, by procuring that neceſſary attendance, and thoſe nameleſs little comforts, which it is the firſt bleſſing of wealth, that it can procure, to the object of my adoration?

Theſe reflections might, perhaps, have ſufficed to oppoſe thoſe temptations, which a caſual ſight of my Julia, and more tranſient opportunities of witneſſing her various excellencies, might have given riſe to; but to bear hourly teſtimonies to genius which adorns human nature, and to virtues which exalt it; to behold hourly the loveliеſt example of the loveliеſt image which nature has afforded to the eye of man; to know the poſſeſſion of all theſe charms, not abſolutely debarred us; to ſay it is

our

our own fault, if we loſe the greateſt bliſs which life can beſtow!—that life, whoſe brevity yields an additional and almoſt irreſiſtable argument againſt the procraſtination of our happineſs.

It is in a ceaſeleſs ſtruggle with ſuch temptations, that the firmeſt mind finds it neceſſary to call forth all its energy.

I once thought myſelf endowed with a firm mind—I fell in the conflict—called forth by the breath of morn, to the ſame humble labours; partaking at noon of the ſame grateful pauſe, of the ſame welcome refection; claiming at evening the ſame innocent diſſipation, either in bidding the variable beau-

ties

ties of nature receive their due homage from an undebauched imagination; or ſoothing that imagination with a tale of ſimple bliſs, or artleſs ſorrow;——to watch the riſing tear as I read!

I ſtruggled with the dictates of prudence, till my ſpirits fell in the conteſt——

I found it neceſſary to be wretched, that I might remain prudent.——I could *but* be wretched——but, to render Julia ſo!———Yet, was the wreck of my health, on which ſhe, as well as her mother, in ſome meaſure leaned for ſupport, the way to make her leſs ſo?———

I knew not what to do.——

As is the caſe in all conflicts, I determined on that path towards which inclination pointed.

It was one day in the beginning of ſummer, during which time my chief labour was in my vineyard, that, having before finiſhed the weeding, adjuſting and pruning my vines, I found myſelf without employment.

The day was uncommonly fine, and the old peaſant, who acted ſometimes as ſhepherd, had propoſed to me to remove the ſheep from a field near the houſe, in order to change their feed, to a lovely common, where I had a right to paſture them, on the borders of the lake.

The

The uncommon beauties of the morning, and my recollection of the charms of the ſpot to which he alluded, ſuggeſted to me the idea of turning ſhepherd myſelf, while he took my turn in the garden, to the improvement of which I had, in intention, devoted the morning.

I communicated the project to the Counteſs and Julia, who were charmed with it.

I put a book into the pocket of my jacket (for I had cut my hair, and aſſumed the farmer's dreſs with his occupation) and taking the old man's crook, I conducted the ſheep towards this paſture, the women having promiſed to follow me in the chaiſe, with ſome cold meat

for our dinner, and ſome work, on which they were then occupied, for their amuſement.

When I had arrived with my flock, (which being accuſtomed to the road, gave me but little trouble) at the common, I took my poſt under a clump of ſpreading trees, ſituate on a gentle hill, from which the ſward, ſloping gradually to the very borders of the lake, opened a moſt delightful proſpect over the boſom of that magnificent ſheet of water; nor was the eye, wandering over this vaſt expanſe, unrelieved; the beautiful little iſlands which deck its ſurface, and the numerous towns on its diſtant borders, while they engaged attention, afforded reſt.

I had

I had not been long ſeated, before I perceived our ſerviceable old chaiſe winding along the bottom of the common.

I ſprang from my turf ſeat, and flew to the aſſiſtance of the fair drivers, whoſe incapacity the mules were probably aware of, for they were taking their own time, ſometimes ſtopping, and ſometimes advancing, at a very ſlow pace, in ſpite of all the admonitions of Julia, who, though ſhe rode ſo well, proved but an indifferent charioteer.

The ſweetneſs of her voice ſeemed to incline them rather to ſtop and liſten, than to move forward.

I took theſe animals by the head, and led them gently up the hill, to the clump of trees.

My two friends were charmed with the ſpot, and with abundance of ſelf-gratulation produced their ſtores.

They had indeed effectually provided every thing that could enable us to paſs the day in ruſtic luxury, not forgetting to load the chaiſe with an antique table and three chairs.

As it was not yet time to dine, I read to the Counteſs and Julia, as they amuſed themſelves by working.

While my eyes were fixed on my book, Julia would every now and then caſt a watchful look at my flock,

flock. If ſhe deſcried a wanderer ſhe would tell me of it; down went my book, and my dog and I were in purſuit of the truant, in a moment.

It is true, that theſe little interruptions, during which my two friends would pauſe to admire my paſtoral ſkill, did not forward the labours of their hands, or of my tongue. What then?—they ſerved to beguile the hours.

Sometimes I would ſend Julia on the ſame errand; heavens! what agility would ſhe diſplay in the chace! what a celeſtial warmth would tinge her tranſparent ſkin on her return. There was ſomething ſimple in the duty, which ſeemed to charm her.

When

When I called her my ſhepherdeſs, as ſhe returned breathleſs from a long run, a ſweet ſmile beamed acroſs her countenance, which rendered her figure more than human.

Her form was a beautiful perſonification of activity, ſymmetry, and grace; her arms hung careleſs by her ſide; a gentle breeze blew her hair over part of her face, and the animated glow of her cheeks gave that peculiar luſtre to her eyes, which is its invariable, and, perhaps, its moſt beautiful effect.

This exerciſe ſoon urged us to look into our little ſtore of proviſions. We ſpeedily ſpread our board.

Our

Our dinner conſiſted of a couple of fowls, and part of the quarter of a kid dreſſed the day before.

We tempered our wine with a ſtream, moſt deliciouſly cold, which tumbled down a little craggy clift to our right, and ran to loſe itſelf in the lake.

Our fare was more ſumptuous than uſual, while the lovely ſituation of the place, the high ſpirits of Julia, and the tempered joy, which was viſible in the countenance of her mother, rendered it a banquet for the Gods!

It was on the evening of this ſacred day, that, as we paſſed ſlowly homeward, committing the care of the

the flock, at her moſt earneſt requeſt, to Julia, I ſeated myſelf by the ſide of her amiable mother in the chaiſe, and as we followed ſlowly, wrapped in a ceaſeleſs admiration of our charming ſhepherdeſs, I won the conſent of this adored mother, to make her Julia my wife.

Often, very often, have I attempted to paint the charms of my Julia, and my own happineſs, on that moſt ſacred of days which made her mine; but can the perfection of beauty be deſcribed, when the thouſand tranſcendent charms which compoſe it are nameleſs? Can that be true bliſs, which it is in the power of man to analyſe?

In the hour of felicity, have I attempted the picture, but I have ſoon detected the miſery of ſtooping from the reality to the ſhadow. In the hour of tranquility I have eſſayed it, but I have ſhuddered at the tameneſs of my own compoſition.

What image, indeed, can ſuffice to portray glowing youth and almoſt ruſtic health, expreſſive beauty, and a form the model of perfection, arrayed with uncommon neatneſs, in the ſimple though becoming garb of the natives of this country?

Can the glance of tenderneſs, ſtruggling faintly with the reſtleſs oppoſition of a pudency almoſt unequalled——Can the viſible conteſt of the pureſt affection, with the terrors of a chaſtity yet unbreathed on, be deſcribed?

How

How wretched, then, would be an attempt to portray the more than mortal felicity of that man, whoſe arms are permitted to envelope theſe united perfections! to claſp all of bliſs, which this earth affords, to ones breaſt! to ſay, in the fullneſs of joy—"Let the "great world madden in its own way, "I am happy."

CHARITY LEANING ON OECONOMY— A HARVEST.

THE ſeaſon of the vintage now approached; the cheerful looks of our villagers were already the harbingers of the joy and feſtivity, which crown that grateful period of the year, when a cold and fierce blaſt from the eaſt, in one dreadful night, deſtroyed the fond hopes of the huſbandman, ſcarcely

ſcarcely leaving a ſingle vineyard untouched, throughout the whole neighbourhood.

What a ſcene of wretchedneſs was our once-ſmiling hamlet on the ſucceeding morning! The poor laborious peaſant, who depended almoſt wholly on his vintage for his next year's ſubſiſtence, and that of a numerous family, ſaw every hope, even of that bare exiſtence to which cuſtom had reconciled him, torn from him.

The ſettled deſpair in the countenances of theſe poor fellows, as they ſurveyed the ruins of their little all, drew tears from the eyes of the Counteſs and Julia.

We,

We, though, Heaven knows, but little able to afford it, ſoon forgot our own loſs, in the contemplation of the miſeries of our fellow ſufferers.

"Let us," ſaid Julia, at dinner, "let us ſell our mules; the ſale of "them will enable us to relieve the "diſtreſſes of our poor neighbours; "they are a luxury to which our cir- "cumſtances do not entitle us, I can "walk."——

"But in wet weather, Julia?"——

"I can wear *ſabbots*," ſaid ſhe.

"To ſcrew thy poor feet, Julia," ſaid I, "into a block of wood?"

"Talk

"Talk not of me," ſaid Julia, "conſider the ſcene we have juſt "witneſſed."

"Why may not the chaiſe be ſold "alſo?" ſaid I.

The Counteſs interceded for the chaiſe. "One has ſometimes," ſaid ſhe, "an attachment, perhaps ridi- "culous, towards inanimate objects; "I confeſs, I view our chaiſe in the "light of an old ſervant; it has borne "us many a long mile; it frequent- "ly raiſes in my mind ideas, melan- "choly indeed, yet not unpleaſing, "of the country we have left: let "me intercede for it. It cannot pro- "duce any great ſum."

We

We agreed that it ſhould remain in the cart-ſhed, where it ſtood, and the mules were ſold.

A ſubſcription was promoted in our neighbourhood, and in the town of Lauſanne, for the ſufferers of the hamlet.

That portion was dealt out to each, which enabled him to ſubſiſt during the winter, and to wait the effects of his induſtry, in counteracting thoſe of the ſtorm.

Every man was, by this meaſure, taught to throw off the deſpair which had at firſt ſeized him, and to look forward to the hope of a future harveſt.

Our mite was not wanting. The money ariſing from the ſale of the mules was appropriated to this purpoſe; and Julia was our Lady Almoner.

Need I ſay how well this office became her.

This, our firſt loſs, compelled us, however unwilling, to turn our eyes towards the uncertainty of the gains ariſing from that profeſſion in which we had engaged ourſelves.

"It ſhall only make us more careful," ſaid I, "every evil has its "attendant good."

We had been compelled to ſell our mules, a ſtep which prudence ſhould have

have pointed out to us long before: they were uſeleſs in my little farm, but juſt to aſſiſt at harveſt.

That harveſt, however, was approaching apace, and behold our mules were gone.

To part with them was neceſſary; and though it happened that we parted with them rather unſeaſonably, we were thankful that we had been induced to take ſo prudent a ſtep at all.

We received many offers of aſſiſtance, at the time of harveſt, from our grateful neighbours, and when the period arrived we felt not the want of our mules.

The great hopes of profit from my farm were fixed on my harveſt, for that part of the Pais de Vaud, in which we reſide, produces more corn than wine.

My vineyard conſtituted no great part of my farm. It happened otherwiſe, as to our poor neighbours, for except two or three tolerably large farms, the grounds cloſe to the hamlet were laid out in vineyards.

I had formed high expectations of the feſtivity of a vintage. I had been moſt unhappily diſappointed.

My temper is ſanguine; I turned all my thoughts towards my harveſt.

I form-

I formed a great idea of this ſcene of ruſtic joy, nor was I deceived; the weather was uncommonly fine; we dined daily with our labourers, in the field.

My wife!—with what rapture do I write the word—my wife and her mother prepared our dinner, and aſſiſted, as far as they were able, in the field.

Julia became tanned by the ſun; before the harveſt was over ſhe was as brown as a Bohemian. I thought ſhe looked the better for it.

Julia would learn to bind the ſheaves; in learning, ſhe broke many of the ears from the bands: "No

" matter," ſaid ſhe, " it will be the " better for the gleaner."

When the ſwathe-corn became fit for carting, with what reſpect, with what veneration did I behold the illuſtrious wife of Radzivil Coloni, and his lovely daughter, in the moſt ſimple attire, in the moſt ſimple and---be the ſenſible part of mankind the judges--- the moſt honorable occupation.

When I beheld them raking up the corn, as the cart moved ſlowly forward, with an artful neglect, a neglect ſtudious of charity——When I beheld them, induſtrious in example, and benevolent by ſtealth——When I added to this their patience of all the inconveniencies of narrow circumſtances, even of labour itſelf; their philoſophic

loſophic and cheerful reſignation under the frowns of that poverty with which their former years had been ſo little acquainted, was I a fool if I looked up to them as ſomething more than human?

The ſhort interval from our labour, during which we ſnatched our haſty dinner in the fields, was delicious.

The reſpectful affection with which our fellow labourers ſeemed to regard us! their happy countenances and ſimple ebullitions of mirth! for the ſubſcription which had been raiſed for them, had buried their loſs in total oblivion.

Before we prepared to load the laſt cart in the evening, the Counteſs and Julia

Julia retired homewards, to aſſiſt the old woman in getting ready a plain ſubſtantial harveſt-ſupper, where Julia regularly preſided at the head of a long oak table.

Perhaps a moon-light walk through the hamlet would cloſe our day, when I was permitted to retire to a portion of bliſs, which no mortal can deſerve, in the arms of my adored Julia, till the firſt trill of the cock arouſed us to cheerful labour.

The joyous ſhout of the harveſt-men, when they drove the laſt load of corn into my barn, ſtill vibrates in my ear.

During the winter, how ſweet was the hour which brought me reſt from my

my labours—when conſcious that the day had been ſpent in laudable induſtry—I took, with my old peaſant, the round of my premiſes, and having ſeen my cattle plentifully foddered in the yard, I retired to a blazing hearth, where, ſhutting out all the world, but our little happy circle, I bade defiance to the howling of the wind, and the beating of the ſtorm without.

JULIA BECOMES PREGNANT.

IT was during this winter that my wife ſhewed ſigns of pregnancy. If my tenderneſs could have ſuffered increaſe, this circumſtance would have increaſed it. My pleaſure, however, on this occaſion, was a little damped, by my diſappointment as to what I had hoped would be the produce of my

my crop, for, in the ſale, it fell conſiderably ſhort of my expectations.

I found, that in ſpite of extreme caution, I had to undergo a noviciate in my profeſſion.

The ground had, indeed, been left in a poor ſtate, which, in ſome meaſure, accounted for the defalcation in the produce: but I found, upon comparing my accounts, which I had kept very regularly, that I had ſpent conſiderably too much in labour; nor did the two mules, whoſe provender (becauſe they had once or twice aſſiſted in carting) I had placed among my farming expences, paſs unobſerved.

I found

I found freſh reaſon to reſpect the prudent charity of my Julia, every time I reflected on the ſubject.

A year of expence was probably advancing, for I could not, for a moment, bear the idea of parſimony, at that period, when my Julia ſhould bleſs me with the ſacred character of father.

To behold my adored wife, in the hour of danger, without the benefit of ſuperior ſkill, at whatſoever rate it might be neceſſary to purchaſe it—or in that of languor, without the little comforts eſſential to its relief, afforded intolerable anguiſh, even in the bare proſpect.

That

That I might leſſen my expences for labour, during the coming year, I determined to learn to plough. I placed myſelf under the tuition of my old peaſant, and ſoon became a tolerable proficient.

The period at length arrived, in which my Julia bleſt me with a lovely boy.

Thoſe anxious hours, which were fraught with danger to all my ſoul holds dear, rolled ſafely over our heads, and their departure opened to us a ſeaſon of tender exultation.

The expences, however, of lying-in, had exceeded even my calculation, though I thought I had rated them very highly; but there is a bias towards

towards ſelf-flattery in our natures, which invariably leads a poor man to deceive himſelf, as to the amount of his preſent incumbrances, and the expence of his future projects.

We now held daily councils, at all of which it was determined to retrench in the little ſuperfluities of life.

Our ſtock of wine had ſuffered a ſevere diminution during the harveſt, for we had not permitted the reflection of the riſe in its price, which the deſtruction of the vintage foretold, to obtrude itſelf on us at that ſeaſon of jollity

It was reſolved, with a ſmall part of the money we had remaining, to purchaſe ſome of an inferior quality, for

for daily uſe, and to reſerve our beſt for the particular epochs of rural feſtivity.

I now began really to labour in my farm, and I found, that with the aſſiſtance of the old peaſant, I could go through the work very well; nor was it a ſource of ſmall diverſion to our amiable women, to behold me, during my noviciate, holding the plough, and following with a gait of the moſt cautious ſteadineſs, while my eye was immoveably fixed on ſome object in my front, which might direct me in drawing a ſtreight furrow.

They would often laugh to ſee the old man turn his attention from the oxen he was driving, towards me; ſometimes approving my progreſs, and ſome-

ſometimes directing me, with the authority of a maſter.

I one day complained of the want of a new plough-ſhare.

"Cannot you make one from that "piece of iron," ſaid Julia, pointing to the ſword which I wore when I firſt ſaw this amiable family?—"No," ſaid ſhe, ſeeing me ſmile, "I will bring "you a poet, who ſhall do it in a mo- "ment."

"And I," ſaid I, ſeeing our old "peaſant then entering the room, "will bring you a farmer, who ſhall "call your poet a fool.

"You want a plough-ſhare," ſaid I, turning to the old man, "Cannot

"not you make one of that ſword?"
"Lord bleſs you," ſaid the old man, as if he pitied my ignorance—"be-
"ſides, I reſpect a ſword; I ſerved
"myſelf, formerly, in France."

"That ſword," ſaid the Counteſs,
"is ſacred with me: recollect, Julia,
"that we owe, perhaps, our life, and
"what is dearer than life, to that
"ſword"—

"And to the hand that wielded it," ſaid Julia, ſeizing my right hand, as I ſat oppoſite to her, and graſping it with the moſt tender affection—

"No!" added ſhe, in a voice which trembled, while her lovely countenance glowed with ſentiment, "ſacred be
"it, madam, the poor little wretch

" on my boſom ſhall want a garment " to cover him, before I part with " that ſword."

I caught her in my arms, and bathed my happy cheek with the tear which gliſtened in her eye.

This year paſſed on in alternate labour and recreation. My boy varied, in ſome meaſure, the pleaſures of our little circle. Our evenings reading, it is true, ſuffered from the intruſion of this young gentleman, for his ſleep was not to be diſturbed.

But, to make amends for this, he contrived to occupy the whole time of his mother and grandmother, ſo that any ſcheme, merely calculated to fill up

up leiſure hours, became henceforward unneceſſary.

As for myſelf, I found ſufficient amuſement in my agricultural calculations.

Though Providence had dealt out to me a portion of domeſtic happineſs, ſufficient to conſole me under evils more ſevere than thoſe I was doomed to undergo, yet this year did not paſs unembittered by momentary anguiſh.

The firſt attacks of poverty alarmed and wounded my pride——a pride which had laid ſo long dormant, that I had almoſt perſuaded myſelf it no longer exiſted.

I had been compelled to contract trifling debts with the neighbours around, to the payment of which I had deſtined a few ſheep, which promiſed to be ſpeedily in good condition for ſale, when ariſing early one morning, according to cuſtom, I found one of my oxen laying down on the ſtraw, and ſo ill as to be incapable of moving.

It had been taken, during the night, with a contagious diſorder, and in ſpite of every effort for its relief, died in three days; nor did the other, who had imbibed the ſame infection, ſurvive it long.

This was a ſevere ſtroke. I found myſelf obliged to part with more ſheep than I had propoſed, that I might purchaſe another yoke of oxen, and put

put off my creditors till the vintage—The vintage came——

Ruſtic feſtivity again claimed its ſway; the plenty of this year made up, in ſome meaſure, for the loſs of the laſt; the tabour and the pipe ſucceeded the light labour of the day.

My Julia and I led the dance; "What grace! what ſpirit! what "agility!" Such were the exclamations from every tongue, as my Julia mingled in the ſports of theſe honeſt ruſtics.

She ſeemed infected by the general joy; her ſpirits roſe to a pitch at which I had ſcarcely ever ſeen them before; I, too, caught the contagion; nor did it, during the whole vintage,

once croſs my mind, that the produce of it was devoted.

The good Counteſs, though ſhe ſhared not in the ſports of the dance, partook of the general mirth.

Methinks I behold her now ſitting under the canopy of the vaſt elm on the green, with the graver inmates of the hamlet, tracing the ſteps of her Julia, and ſmiling with a benignity, whoſe expreſſion may, indeed, be aided by the features, but muſt have its ſource in the heart.

A NECESSARY BUT BOLD RESOLVE.

OUR harveſt this year proved as favorable to our wiſhes as we had any reaſon to expect; but penury had ſhewn her haggard aſpect at my gate, and required daily increaſing efforts to exclude her: her grim mien, like that of the church-yard ſpectre, began to haunt me hourly.

I found

I found employment alone capable of inſuring my quiet, and threw myſelf unreſervedly into thoſe occupations, which, while they amuſed my mind, tended to bar the approaches of poverty.

My Julia and her mother, from whoſe anxiety I vainly attempted to conceal our ſituation, were the firſt to diſcover to me the real cauſe of our ſtraitened circumſtances, and to ſupport in me, by their examples, that fortitude which became neceſſary, in applying the remedy.

They compelled me, however unwilling, to perceive, that the profits of our farm were barely ſufficient to ſupport us comfortably, without ſer-

ſervants, and that it was eſſential to our happineſs, that we ſhould part with the old peaſant and his wife.

They propoſed, and even rallied on the ſubject, to do the work of the houſe themſelves; and, as I had no occaſion for the old man's labour during above half the year, we agreed that it would be moſt prudent to hire aſſiſtance, as occaſion ſhould require.

Our only remaining doubt was founded on humanity; we could not turn this old couple on the wide world; but this doubt was ſpeedily removed; a ſmall farm in the village became vacant, and a ſubſtantial peaſant, a relation to the old woman,

woman, advanced them a ſmall ſum to ſet them up.

It was long before I could, for a moment, ſupport the idea of beholding theſe exalted females engaged in the coarſe and laborious occupation of menial ſervants; but the conviction, that every hope of evading miſery depended upon it, at length reconciled me to it.

There was ſomething heavenly in the ſmile of Julia, when ſhe went to the houſe of an honeſt artiſan in the hamlet, to be fitted with a pair of ſabots, which, notwithſtanding all my remonſtrances, ſhe determined to wear during her moſt common occupations.

The

The poor fellow ſurveyed her with aſtoniſhment: he produced a long ſtring of thoſe wooden ſhoes, and tried them on her in vain—they dropped from her foot—till he fitted her, at length, with a pair which was originally deſigned for a child of twelve years of age.

When I ſaw the daughter of Coloni thus equipped, I thought I beheld an angel.

The tear which I ſhed as I caught her in my arms, was leſs a tribute of pity, than of admiration.

Yet, let me confeſs a weakneſs; my pride was, perhaps, leſs wounded at our great and primary dereliction of rank, than at the idea of being com-

compelled to forego the little diſtinction we had hitherto maintained in the hamlet.

This is unaccountable——I felt it—reaſoned upon its abſurdity——and felt it ſtill.

To work, then, we went. Providence ſo far ſmiled on our labours, that they ſeemed to increaſe our general ſtock of health.

A rigid oeconomy, to which we ſoon became reconciled, pervaded our domeſtic arrangements; and the thoughts of an harveſt, diſtant, indeed, but which we hoped, our ſtrict attention to the moſt minute expences, and the reform in our family, would enable us, in the end, to receive without

out diminution, began to cheer us in proſpect, when my wife found herſelf a ſecond time pregnant. The ſon of opulence might rejoice at ſuch a period: to me, this was, I confeſs, a ſevere blow: the miſeries which I had enviſaged at the period of her former pregnancy, but which I had then been enabled to defeat, now glared upon me with all their horrors; nor had I any means of oppoſing them.

In this extremity I travelled daily to Lauſanne, to find ſome means of conveying letters to Vienna, for the Counteſs did not any longer heſitate to write to Caroline and her mother, for aſſiſtance.

I wrote to Altenberg.——I found a man who was returning with a chaiſe

to

to Lintz, the metropolis of Upper-Auſtria, and who promiſed to forward them——whether he did ſo, or no, I cannot ſay; we never received an anſwer.

My friend, too, at Lauſanne, had obtained a lieutenancy in the Swiſs guards, at Paris, and was gone thither to join his corps.

The approach of my adored Julia's lying-in almoſt diſtracted me.

What did I feel, when her exalted mother broke to me, in the tendereſt manner, what ſhe and Julia had judged---and rightly judged---to be our only alternative; but my Julia had not, herſelf, ſufficient fortitude to propoſe it to me———

This

This was——ſacred Heavens!——that the daughter of Radzivil Coloni ſhould obtain admittance at the public hoſpital in Lauſanne, for the period of her labour.

The conviction that ſhe would receive the firſt aſſiſtance there, which ſhe muſt be wholly deſtitute of at home, at length forced from me my conſent.

Through the name of my friend I gained for her a ſituation tolerably comfortable; and when I thought it dangerous to keep her any longer at home, I drove her and her mother ſlowly over.

I had procured for the Counteſs a very cheap lodging near the ſpot, that ſhe

ſhe might be daily with her daughter; but the manners of theſe amiable women ſo ſpeedily won upon the matrons who attended the hoſpital, that they conſented to receive the Counteſs among them, and the lodging was diſcharged.

The labour of the day was no ſooner over, than I conſtantly walked to Lauſanne, and paſſed ſome time with my Julia.

This was a ſweet relief to us both, and ſoon reconciled us to our ſituation.

I walked over one evening, as uſual; I met the Counteſs at the gate of the hoſpital: "Joy, my ſon," ſaid ſhe, "Julia is juſt delivered; ſhe is

"well;

"well; ſhe wants not for the moſt "attentive care, and, I truſt, we "ſhall reſtore her to you before the "harveſt: you are the father of a "moſt lovely girl."

She took me by the hand, and led me to a room, where I claſped to my breaſt a ſecond pledge of our mutual affection.

They would not permit me to ſee my wife that evening, and I returned home, bending with grateful adoration to that Providence which protects the indigent——which frequently bids the lap of poverty unfold a portion of bliſs which is vainly ſought in the temples of magnificence.

The ſentiments of religion, which then kindled in my ſoul, received, perhaps, an addition of fervour from the uncommon beauty of the evening, which was one of the fineſt in autumn.

I contemplated, with unalloyed pleaſure, the proſpect of my vintage; I calculated the profits which would probably ariſe from that and my harveſt, and I rejoiced to diſcover that the extreme oeconomy of the laſt year promiſed me, if my labours ſhould be crowned with tolerable ſucceſs, and of that they bore every promiſe, a comparative ſtate of affluence.

The moon rode in meridian ſplendour above me; the proſperous deliverance of my adored Julia had ſpread a delicious

licious calm over my breaſt; the world, perhaps, did not produce a creature more ſerenely happy, at that moment, than myſelf.

When I arrived at that part of the high road, from which the path deſcended through the vineyards into the valley, which led to our hamlet, I pauſed to contemplate the ſolemn ſublimity of the ſcene.

I was tempted to aſcend the plantation of pines on my right, that I might gain a view of the Glaciers, at a moment ſo uncommonly awful; but the conviction that the eye would not reach ſo far reſtrained me.

While I heſitated, I thought I heard a groan: on ſuch a night as this, the

feelings are uncommonly awakened: I liſtened—I fancied that my imagination had deceived me, and was preparing to turn down the path towards the valley, when a ſhort hectic cough convinced me, that ſome perſon was nearer to me than I had apprehended.

I turned towards the ſpot from which I judged the ſound to proceed, and thought I could diſcover, under the dark ſhade of one of the pines, on the ſide of the road, the figure of a man, reclined againſt the trunk.

I immediately advanced towards the ſpot, and diſcovered ſome perſon in a long garment, ſeated at the foot of the tree.

He

He aroſe at my approach, and aſked me how far it was to the next place of refreſhment.

Upon his riſing I found him to be a mendicant, of the order of St. Francis: he was above the middle ſize, apparently of a robuſt make, and his beard was remarkably long and buſhy: his voice was hollow, broken, and faint.

I told him there was no houſe of public reception nearer than Lauſanne.

He ſighed;—"Why," ſaid he, "ſhould I wiſh a better canopy than "this?"

He leaned againſt the tree, and ſeemed preparing to reſume his ſeat.

"Father," ſaid I, "you may "need food as well as lodging; "I have a cottage at no great diſ- "tance; there you ſhall be welcome "to both."

He thanked me, with courteſey; conſented to accompany me, and we deſcended the hill together.

When we arrived at the hamlet all was buried in ſilence; the induſtrious inhabitants were locked in profound repoſe; the ſtillneſs which reigned over this peaceful ſpot, was only interrupted by the barking of my own watch dog, when we arrived at my farm.

As

As ſoon as I had quieted the alarms of this faithful centinel, who was not eaſily reconciled to the ſtranger, I ſpread a table in the porch of the houſe, with ſome fragments of cold meat, and a bottle of the common wine, the flavor of which, however, was not ungrateful, and invited my gueſt to find his way to it by the light which the moon afforded us; for it was part of our oeconomical ſyſtem, to burn no candles during the ſummer; and though there were actually ſome in the houſe, I knew not where to find them.

The uncommon beauty of the evening, however, did not permit us to feel their loſs.

The

The ſtranger ate ſparingly of ſome of the ſavory cheeſe, for which this country is famous; and though I preſſed him, as far as politeneſs would permit me, he drank as ſparingly of the wine.

"The fatigue of your journey, "father," ſaid I, "has exhauſted "your ſpirits; it is neceſſary to re-"cruit them."

"Alas! my ſon," ſaid he, "my "diſorder is more in mind than "body."

"Still," ſaid I cheerfully, "a "glaſs of wine, father, may aſſiſt."

"If you knew, my ſon," ſaid he, "the "tale of my misfortunes, you would not "wonder

"wonder that they mock at all at-
"tempts to alleviate them."

I did not preſs him further, but I ſtole the wine imperceptibly into his glaſs, as it ſtood before him.

He drank involuntarily.

It produced its effect; his heart grew more open and free: he complained, and in complaint he found relief.

We neither of us felt any inclination for ſleep; my thoughts were with my Julia, and the ſorrows of the ſtranger made him prefer any company to that of his pillow.

My

My attention to his effusions of melancholy, at length, drew from him the tale of his misfortunes, which he told nearly in the following words.

THE STRANGER'S STORY.

IT matters not where I was born, nor what was my former ſituation in life; ſuffice it to ſay, that the latter was not mean.

I married a woman every way accompliſhed. The firſt three years of our marriage produced me two lovely girls; but my anxious wiſhes for a male heir to my eſtate were never

never crowned with ſucceſs. In the neighbourhood of that eſtate lived a man, whom, above all others, I loved and eſteemed.

This man had a ſiſter, almoſt the counterpart of himſelf; though uncommonly beautiful ſhe lived unmarried, and, in the latter years of her life, her ſole occupation was to ſuperintend the education of a boy of uncommon beauty and endowments, the offspring of two induſtrious peaſants, of a neighbouring hamlet, whoſe ſingular charms of perſon had attracted her attention, as ſhe rode through the village, while yet in the age of extreme infancy.

This boy ſhe was fond, or weak enough (call it which you will) to educate

educate as if he were the heir to high rank and ſplendid fortune.

To this infatuation her brother ſubmitted; he grew, in his turn, fond of the child, who was, in conſequence, treated as a ſon of the houſe; and, as our families were much together, had but too frequent opportunities of ſeeing and converſing with my daughters.

Let me haſten through this deteſted part of my ſtory——

This young peaſant, who was about two years older than the eldeſt of my children, had ſcarcely attained his ſeventeenth year, when certain ſuſpicions, which had for ſome time haunted my mind, led me to remark, that, one day when

when the family had dined at my houſe, upon the young man's riſing from table he gave my eldeſt daughter a look, who, as ſoon as ſhe decently could, aroſe and quitted the room.

I no ſooner perceived this, than I determined to follow them, which I did, with ſuch caution, that I traced them, undiſcovered, to a beautiful grove, which was ſituate within my own domains, and had ever been extolled as a favorite ſpot by this degenerate daughter.

By a winding path round this little wood, I came but too near them for my future peace.

I could

I could ſee them, unſeen myſelf, and hear their whole converſation.

Think how it muſt affect a father, of unmeaſured pride, and boundleſs ambition, whoſe ſole hopes of gratifying both theſe paſſions were centered in his daughter, to witneſs the ſcene I then witneſſed.

This baſe young rifler of a father's hopes had fallen on his knee; he held my daughter's hands in his, who ſtood over him with a look of mute affection; her cheeks glowing with her bluſhes, and wetted with her tears——

"Kneel, kneel, my love," cried he, "and be our vows mutual; nor "is our proſpect ſo hopeleſs; that "heavenly

" heavenly woman, who permits me " to call her mother, has promiſed to " place me in the ſervice. If I live, " I will perform ſome action which " ſhall raiſe me to a ſituation, in which " even your father, will not, perhaps, " ſpurn the only hope which binds me " to exiſtence."

I was already preparing to ruſh upon them, when the weak girl fell on her knee, and they plighted a mutual faith, under the moſt ſolemn imprecations of celeſtial vengeance on the firſt who ſhould infringe it.

My rage luckily kept me ſilent and motionleſs; a moment's pauſe made me alter my firſt reſolution. I crept, undiſcovered, from my poſt of concealment, and determined to take ſuch meaſures as might effectually annul

mul the raſh vow of this miſerable child (for ſuch, in fact, ſhe then was) without tarniſhing her fame by diſcovery, or adding enthuſiaſm to weakneſs, by oppoſition.

Start not, honeſt man, at what I am preparing to unfold; that remorſeleſs pride; that ſanguinary ambition, which then prompted my every action, have long been outcaſts from this boſom; miſery hath taught me mercy, alas! why came it ſo late? Why was I not initiated at a more early period in the wholeſome ſchool of adverſity?

I bid you not ſtart; alas! is it poſſible for the juſt man not to ſhudder, when he ſees before him the deſtroyer of his fellow-creature?—Yes,

ſtranger, theſe hands have been imbrued in blood!—

To cut ſhort this diabolical part of my ſtory, our country was, at that time, infeſted by a crew of mercileſs barbarians, innured to the trade of blood and rapine. I procured a couple of them, to make away with this daring young lover.

They promiſed that he ſhould not, in future, moleſt me, and I know my men too well, to entertain a momentary doubt of his death.

He was ſoon miſſed; it was ſuppoſed he had periſhed: I marked the concealed anguiſh of my daughter; I, alone, knew its cauſe: her health, at firſt, declined; but before the period,

a

at which ſome affairs of importance called me to a foreign country, where I was compelled to reſide a few years, I had the happineſs to ſee the ſtrength of her conſtitution triumph over her infirmity.

It was not long after my return from this journey, in the courſe of which I had laid the foundation of a moſt ſplendid alliance, by means of this very girl, when the unhappy creature diſappeared from my houſe, nor has ſhe been heard of ſince.

It has been obſerved—and in all received obſervations there is much truth—that misfortunes never attack us ſingly.

While I was yet ſmarting, with ſhame and diſappointment, under this ſevere blow, I was ſeized, by order of government; conveyed to a diſtant priſon, and my eſtates were confiſcated.

For many months did I languiſh in a miſerable confinement, of which I am ſtill unacquainted with the cauſe. Such is the effect of deſpotiſm! That man, alone, who has experienced it, can feel the horrors of eternal ſolitude; nor is there any thing more wonderful in the human mind, than the pliancy with which it at length accommodates itſelf, even to this moſt dreadful of human evils.

Fourteen or fifteen months paſſed in a cell, without the ſight of any mortal but

but my keeper, who, now and then, indeed, permitted me to walk with him on a ſtone parapet, in front of it, had blunted the edge of my feelings; their aſperities had, by continued attrition with misfortune, been gradually worn down; their tendereſt ſurface came in daily contact with miſery, and gradually hardened; the mind grew ſluggiſh, through want of occupation; I began to forget I was a man, when it pleaſed providence, by a moſt ſingular interpoſition, to awaken me at once to a ſenſe of my guilt and miſery.

It was about the middle of ſummer, when I was one night awakened by the ſound of a voice, at the grate of my cell, which looked on the parapet I have before-mentioned.

I rouſed myſelf—I looked towards the grate; the moon ſhone in all its ſplendor; I ſaw plainly the figure of a man, and through the dead ſtillneſs of midnight, I could but too plainly hear theſe words——

" Awake, awake, it is Leopold who " calls thee."

Leopold is the name of that raſh boy whom I had too dreadful a cauſe to believe no longer in exiſtence.

Having ſaid this, the figure diſappeared.

Theſe words ſtruck me with an horror which I in vain endeavoured to ſhake off.

Wiſhing,

Wiſhing, however, to convince myſelf, that this was the effect of a diſturbed imagination, at a moment between ſleeping and waking, I aroſe and walked towards the grate.

How was my ſoul chilled, when I beheld a figure, the exact repreſentation of Leopold, leaning againſt the wall of the parapet, oppoſite my grate, and at his ſide a female, the very image of my loſt daughter!

I gazed at theſe ſpectres till my ſight forſook me, and I fell ſenſeleſs to the earth. How long I remained in that ſituation I know not; as ſoon as I recovered my ſenſes, I returned to the grate; I ſaw nothing but the dead wall of the parapet!

This

This viſion continued for a long time to haunt my imagination; ſometimes, at the moment when I awoke from a diſturbed ſleep, a ruſhing noiſe would aſſail my ears; the forms of Leopold and my daughter would ſweep by me, each glaring full upon me with a menacing aſpect.

Sometimes I would ſit in the corner of my cell, gazing intently on ſome motely figures, which I had ſcrawled on the wall to amuſe myſelf, during the earlier period of my confinement. I once fixed my eyes on an ancient armed head, which it had been a ſolitary morning's amuſement to delineate———by degrees the features began to change——the helmet, the beard, the wrinkles, forſook it——the frown alone remained!———remained to blaſt my ſight———it was the

the frown of the youthful Leopold! In this ſtate of agitation, my confinement, to which I had long ſubmitted with ſtupid inſenſibility, began to grow irkſome to me. The degree of patient reſignation, with which I had hitherto borne it, had rendered my keeper careleſs.

I had obſerved, in the courſe of my walks on the parapet, that the fortifications were, in general, in very bad repair, and that, particularly in one part, it had been, for time immemorial, the cuſtom to throw the rubbiſh of the caſtle actually againſt the wall of this parapet, thus forming a kind of ſtep, that permitted you, by a leap of no great danger, to gain the ditch, which was almoſt dry, and

was

was come, from neglect, very eaſy of aſcent on the oppoſite ſide.

This obſervation convinced me, that an eſcape was very practicable, during the walks which I was permitted to take in company with the keeper.

One very fine evening, the beauty of which ſupplied me with pretence for walking later than uſual, I ſtopped at an embraſure, which was ſituated juſt over the ſpot where the rubbiſh lay, and affected to point out a ſtar of uncommon magnitude, which I perſuaded him I could ſee riſing over the verge of a foreſt, at a conſiderable diſtance in our front.

With

With a ſeeming anxiety to trace its riſe I ſtepped into the embraſure, and he followed me. This was what I had hoped for; I ſeized him inſtantly in my arms, and ſprang with him over the parapet.

I was not deceived in the ſuperiority which I hoped to derive from a greater ſhare of perſonal vigor on my ſide, and the effect of ſo ſudden a ſurpriſe on his.

We alighted on the rubbiſh, and rolled together into the ditch; I there exerted my ſtrength ſo ſucceſsfully, that I diſengaged myſelf from his graſp, and clapping my knee on his breaſt, ſeized the hilt of his ſword, as I had purpoſed, and drew it from the ſcabbard; I then

then told him, that his life depended upon his ſilence; made him aſcend the ditch with me, and, to conclude, conduct me in my eſcape.

I knew we could not be many miles from the frontier of a neighbouring kingdom; thither my menaces induced him to guide me.

When arrived there he dreaded to return: this proved lucky to me, as he had, beſides his ſword, a watch, ſome trinkets, and a little money, of which I, though tolerably well clad (for they had permitted me, when firſt arreſted, to take ſome clothes with me) was wholly deſtitute.

To make ſhort of my ſtory——as I knew not whither to wander, and my companion,

companion, who had been promoted from the ſituation of a priſoner, to the poſt he occupied in the caſtle, was at a great diſtance from his native place, to which he purpoſed to retire, we agreed to procure the habits of Mendicants, which, among goodCatholicks, always procure to their wearers an hoſpitable reception in travelling.

Many a town have I viſited; for my pilgrimage has extended over many parts of Europe; at length I arrived in this canton, where, though my habit exacts no great reſpect, my miſery procured pity and relief.

A ſevere illneſs, however, compelled me to take refuge in the hoſpital at Lauſanne; there I was dreadfully convinced, that my imagination

gination is not yet cured of its wanderings.

The care and attention of thoſe, whoſe taſk it was to ſuperintend my illneſs, had ſo effectually reſtored me to health, as to leave me no ſymptom of diſorder but a certain degree of weakneſs, when I found myſelf awakened, laſt night, by the groans of a female, which ſeemed to proceed from a part of the building appropriated to the accommodation of the women, the windows of which were ſeparated only by a narrow court from that of the ward in which I lay: ſome faint ſhrieks and half-ſtifled exclamations which accompanied them, ſtill wounded my ear, for, if I live, the voice which uttered them was that of a younger daughter, who has certainly periſhed

in

in the miſerable wreck of my family. Like a man haunted by furies, I left the place ſuddenly, and have ever ſince wandered about the country, without knowing whither to bend my ſteps.

I procured ſome ſlight refreſhment at a farm-houſe yeſterday, and had ſomewhat collected myſelf, and finally determined to leave Lauſanne, and its neighbourhood, for ever, when your humanity diſcovered its object in me; nor am I inſenſible to your generous attempts to ſolace that woe which it is beyond the power of man to cure.

A DISCOVERY.

DURING the foregoing recital, from ſome parts of which I was very much induced to doubt the ſanity of the ſtranger's intellects, ſome confuſed ideas aroſe in my mind, which where ſcarcely digeſted before they generated ſuſpicions, calculated to complete my perplexity.

As

As it was now time to retire, I uſhered the ſtranger into a chamber which I uſually occupied myſelf. It was plain and neat; its ſole ornaments being ſome portraits, by the unfortunate Auguſta, of her mother and ſiſter, which had been ſnatched up during the confuſion which occurred when Coloni was taken, and depoſited amongſt the Counteſs's clothes.

After leaving the ſtranger in his chamber, I went into my own, and retired to bed.

The day had not long began to dawn, when I was rouſed from my ſleep, by the ſudden entrance of the ſtranger to my apartment.

I ſtarted up in my bed; the wildneſs of his countenance alarmed me. "You will excuſe me," ſaid he, "miſery has a privilege; I conjure "you, anſwer me the queſtion I am "about to aſk moſt truly—Where "did you procure the portraits which "ornament the room in which I ſlept? "Alas," ſaid he, clapping his hand to his forehead, "my imagination ſtill "deceives me; yet, were I unac-"quainted with the ſtate of my own "mind, I could ſwear that I had "ſeen the portraits of two perſons "moſt dear to me, and ſketched by "the hand of a third———"

Here his ſpeech faultered. I looked at him attentively, and my ſuſpicions of the preceding evening were confirmed.———"Good Heavens!" exclaimed

exclaimed I, "do I behold Count "Radzivil Coloni?"

He ſtarted, on hearing his name.

"Look well at me," continued I, "ſee whether you cannot develope "the features of an old acquaintance."

"Do my ſenſes ſtill deceive me," ſaid he, after a ſhort pauſe, "or do "I, indeed, ſee Baron Mansfeld, un- "der the garb of———"

"You behold him under the garb "of content and bliſs," ſaid I, "I "have ſought them in vain in the "great world——I have found them "in the ſhade of retirement, and I "now wear their livery."

Pride ſhot a momentary gleam acroſs his countenance, but it did not laſt.

" And my wife, and remaining " daughter, Mansfeld?"—ſaid he, in a tone of anxiety and dejection—" are well," ſaid I.

I then proceeded to inform him of all that had paſſed, ſince the period of his confinement.

When I told him of my marriage with Julia, I ſaw him again ſurvey my garb, with a glance ſomwhat bordering upon contempt; a remaining guſt of pride ſeemed to ſwell his breaſt, but quickly ſubſided.

" Have

"Have you children, my ſon," ſaid he.

I told him I had a boy, who was at preſent with his grandmother; and that my Julia had juſt bleſſed me with a girl.

"It is well," ſaid he, "old Rad-"zivil ſhall teach his grandſon to "hold the plough."

This was ſaid with a degree of bitterneſs, which convinced me, that his long adverſity had not yet ſubdued his ambition; nor did I dare, for ſome time, to tell him, that the voice he had heard in the hoſpital was really that of his Julia.

Pride ſhot a momentary gleam acroſs his countenance, but it did not laſt.

"And my wife, and remaining "daughter, Mansfeld?"—ſaid he, in a tone of anxiety and dejection—"are well," ſaid I.

I then proceeded to inform him of all that had paſſed, ſince the period of his confinement.

When I told him of my marriage with Julia, I ſaw him again ſurvey my garb, with a glance ſomwhat bordering upon contempt; a remaining guſt of pride ſeemed to ſwell his breaſt, but quickly ſubſided.

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I applied myſelf wholly to the taſk of ſoothing his mind; and my efforts were not entirely devoid of ſucceſs: he became ſoftened; he ſeemed to forget his former ſplendor, and ſighed only to behold his wife and daughter.

On my next journey to Lauſanne, I began to break this ſingular adventure to the Counteſs, but did not dare to tell her the whole truth till many days afterwards; nor was it till ſome weeks had paſſed, that we judged proper to communicate our diſcovery to Julia.

It would be in vain, that I ſhould attempt a deſcription of the tranſports which agitated the breaſts of the father, the mother, and the daughter, on their firſt interview, after a period

of

of abſence, embittered by the deſpair of ever again beholding each other. There ſeemed to want but the preſence of the lovely but the unfortunate Auguſta, to reunite this little family, in ſtate of leſs magnificence, indeed, but perhaps, of more ſolid happineſs than ever.

My Julia was ſoon ſufficiently reſtored to health to return home, and take upon her the care of her little family.

The Count ſtrongly inſiſted on the privilege of helping me in the lighter work of the farm; and we looked forward with pleaſure towards our harveſt, the ſeaſon of which now rapidly approached.

A PLAN OF JULIA'S— THE UNCERTAINTY OF SUBLUNARY THINGS.

ONE beautiful day, when I found myſelf wholly without employment in the farm, Julia propoſed a ſcheme, which ſavoured, I confeſs, of ſome relaxation from the ſtrict oeconomy which we had, for a long time, obſerved, but which did not appear to me

me extravagant enough to incur my diſſent.

"What think you all," ſaid ſhe, "of a party to Lauſanne? we are "idle people, the day is charming; "I long, as I am bound, to return "thanks to the friendly matrons at "the hoſpital, and to gratify a mo-"ther's pride, by ſhewing them this "little monkey," holding up her girl in her arms—"Let us bruſh out the "old carriage, and greaſe the wheels; "let us yoke the oxen to it, and, "ſtowing our dinner in it, let us, in-"ſtead of eating it at home, ſeek out "ſome ſhelter, near that beautiful "and commanding cliff, which we "obſerved from the other ſide of the "town, on our firſt entrance; there

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"let

" let us make one of our *al-fresco*
" meals."

The only objection to this ſcheme ſeemed to be the ſlow pace of the oxen.

Julia obſerved, that we did not want to travel poſt, and though the day was uncommonly fine, it was not a day of oppreſſive heat; we might, therefore, chooſe ſometimes to walk, and the ſlow pace of the oxen would, in that caſe, prove an advantage.

She argued with all the ingenuity of a woman, who had ſet her mind on a ſcheme.

The Count and I, therefore, bruſhed out the old carriage; Julia and her mother

mother prepared the proviſions, in the beſt manner, for ſtowage.

We got up the oxen, and yoked them to the chaiſe: in we packed, children and all, and out we ſallied, with hearts as light and contented as any on the road.

We had reached the high road, and were at no great diſtance from Lauſanne;—Julia and her infant were in the carriage with the Counteſs; I walked on one ſide of it, and the Count, who had, during his ſtay with us, aſſumed a plain decent garb, carried my boy in his arms, on the other.

He ſeemed to forget his cares, in the company of this child; and the happineſs which beamed in his countenance,

tenance, as he careſſed the little fellow, was not loſt on Julia, or her mother.

They watched him with looks of tender anxiety, and frequently winked at me, that I might obſerve him.

Wholly occupied with this, and the general ſatisfaction which our little excurſion ſeemed to diffuſe——a bliſs which its rarity conſiderably enhanced——I was boldly defying riches, to produce a portion of happineſs equal to that which I then enjoyed, when I ſtarted from my reverie at the ſound of a harſh voice, and the ſmack of a whip juſt near me.

I had ſcarcely time to turn round, when I was compelled to ſpring aſide,

out

out of the way of a horſe, on which, the perſon whoſe voice I had heard, was mounted.

This fellow, who was an *avant-courier*, in a ſplendid livery, ſwore at us with all the inſolence which he thought the dignity of his ſtation entitled him to aſſume towards peaſants, and ſtruck with his whip at our oxen, to drive them out of the way of a travelling chaiſe with four horſes, which was approaching.

I had no time to anſwer him; the fellows who drove this chaiſe, though there was ſufficient room for them to paſs, with a brutality, which is but too often the effect of power, lodged in the hands of ignorance, galloped down full upon us, and drove us into a ditch,

ditch, in which our carriage muſt have been overturned flat on its ſide, had it not been luckily ſupported by the bank.

What where my ſenſations, when I ſaw the pleaſures of our little excurſion thus cruelly put an end to!

My wife and her infant were my firſt care: thank Heaven, though the Counteſs and ſhe were much terrified, we took them all from the chaiſe unhurt.

The fellows who had cauſed this miſchief, proceeded with the utmoſt unconcern.

To raiſe the carriage was our next care: we were conſulting on the means of

of doing it, when the Count, who had given my boy to his grandmother, called our attention to one of our oxen, who had fallen, and was unable to riſe.

We went round towards his head: I had reaſon to believe that he was fatally lamed. How little able were we to bear ſuch a loſs! Julia burſt into tears; "Alas!" ſaid ſhe, "is "this the pleaſure I propoſed to my-"ſelf? it is wholly my fault; why "did I ſeduce you from home, where "we might have ſpent the day in "tranquil pleaſure?

A man muſt be very poor, and his gratifications very rare, who can feel the full effect of an accident like this: I did

I did feel it—but a tear from my Julia made me forget it in an inſtant.

I had already thrown my arms around her, and was ſecretly thanking Providence that my ſole treaſures on earth had been ſpared, when a handſome coach, which followed the carriage that had done the miſchief, ſtopped on the ſpot where we ſtood, and attracted my attention.

They who were within it had, probably, witneſſed the accident; for a young man, who opened the door, and ſprung out of it the moment it ſtopped, advanced towards us, with a countenance of great benevolence and compaſſion.

I had

I had ſcarcely time to remark his perſon and appearance, which were uncommonly elegant, when my attention was excited by Coloni himſelf, who, uttering a ſudden exclamation, ſtarted, and turned to a hue ſo dreadfully pale, that I thought he would have fallen.

I ran inſtantly to his aſſiſtance.

"Have they received any injury? "Can we be of any aſſiſtance?" exclaimed ſome perſon within the carriage, in the mildeſt and moſt benignant tones of a female voice.

There was ſomething in this voice which ſo faſcinated my ſenſes, that I ſcarcely heard Count Radzivil ex-

claim, looking earneſtly at the young man who had left the coach,

" Is my brain ſtill unſettled, or are " you, indeed, Leopold?"

The voice which had faſcinated me, ſeemed to have a ſtill greater effect on my wife and the Counteſs; they ſprang, actuated by the ſame impulſe, towards the door of the carriage—which was left wide open, and at which the lady leaned forward, to repeat her enquiries, with the moſt benevolent anxiety of countenance—

" My ſiſter!" "My daughter!" exclaimed the Counteſs and Julia, at the ſame moment.

The

The lady ſprang from her ſeat, and enveloped them in her arms.

I left the Count, whom the young man had moſt reſpectfully taken by the hand, and running forward, took both my children from the arms of thoſe who were now ſcarcely able to ſupport themſelves.

I was ſtanding with one of theſe younkers on each arm, my mind agitated by the ſcene befort me, when I found myſelf claſped in the embrace of a man, who exclaimed——

"Mansfeld, my dear Mansfeld! I "never, in my life, ſaw you look "half ſo reſpectable: give me one "of theſe," ſaid he, taking my boy

from me, "If they are your's, muſt "they not be mine alſo?"

I looked at the ſtranger——thou wert the man——Oh, Altenberg!

I had no time to anſwer; a confuſed buſtle among the women drew my attention.

I ſaw my Julia faint and breathleſs, in the arms of her ſiſter, the matchleſs Auguſta; and her mother ſupported by another lady, who had now left the coach, and who proved to be the friendly Caroline.

I left Julia, when ſhe was a little recovered, to attend the Counteſs.

Altenberg,

Altenberg, with my two children, was ſtanding at the ſide of Caroline, when the Counteſs came thoroughly to herſelf.

"Would it not be better, my "love," ſaid Altenberg to Caroline, "to place the ladies in the carriage? "we cannot be far from our friend's "dwelling, where they will procure "every aſſiſtance.

"We were going," added he, turning to me, "to ſee a truant to "friendſhip, whoſe want of confi- "dence I ſhould ſcarcely forgive, "did not I feel myſelf indebted to "it for a portion of bliſs, which I "did not think this world could af- "ford"——

"Yes, Mansfeld," ſaid he, taking Caroline by the hand, "this beſt of "women, with whom I was half in "love, from the peruſal of your "letters, has bleſſed me with her "hand."

I kiſſed the hand of Caroline—

I did more—actuated by the remembrance of her former kindneſs to me, I claſped her in my arms.

"Gently, farmer," ſaid Altenberg, ſmiling.

"Forgive me, my lord," ſaid I, "where the heart overflows it may "be venial to forget reſpect."

"Are

"Are theſe your children that this "good man is nurſing?" ſaid Caroline.

"They are, madam."

"May I call the dear little things "couſins too," ſaid ſhe; "but, from "appearances, I cannot doubt it?"

"Your beloved Julia bleſſed me "with them, madam."

She pauſed a little——

"Ah, Baron," ſaid ſhe, "you "men——"

But ſeeming to fear ſhe ſhould touch on a ſtring which might not have ceaſed

ceaſed to vibrate on my heart, ſhe did not finiſh the ſentence.

She was miſtaken—I embraced Auguſta with the pure affection of a brother; nor did I diſcover, upon ſearching my heart, the ſlighteſt embers of my former paſſion.

If an human breaſt could have felt a portion of love ſuperior to mine, it would have found ample room---it might have centered—in the leaſt perfection of my Julia.

Count Radzivil advanced towards me, leading in his hand the young man who had juſt left the coach.

"My ſon," ſaid he, "give me leave "to introduce to you a brother, for "whom

" whom you will have no reaſon to
" bluſh: this, ſir, is Count Leopold,
" ſon to the Prince Frederic Laufen-
" burg."

Pride flaſhed from the eye of Radzivil as he ſpoke.

I embraced the huſband of Auguſta, for ſuch I underſtood he was.

We now conſulted on the road we ſhould take.

I told them I would conduct them to the farm, for which place they were bound when we firſt encountered them.

I mentioned my fears, leſt we ſhould not be able to procure proviſion

viſion for ſo large a party in our little hamlet.

This was eaſily obviated, as the chaiſe which had preceeded them, and which carried the female ſervants of the ladies, was well ſtocked with proviſions of all ſorts.

As to beds, it was agreed that the party ſhould rough it as well as they could; but that if they could not all be accommodated in the hamlet, they ſhould return every evening to Lauſanne.

We placed the ladies in the coach, and Count Leopold inſiſting upon riding with Count Radzivil in our vehicle, which, with the aſſiſtance of the ſervants, we ſoon removed from its

its ſituation; Altenberg and myſelf attended them on foot.

I examined my oxen with the eye of a farmer, and ſoon found that the one which had fallen had received but a ſlight ſtrain, and was very well able to proceed.

In this manner we gained our farm.

The firſt carriage had already found its way down to the village, and alarmed all the inhabitants, who expreſſed a laughable degree of ſurpriſe at the manner of our return.

Thus was our firſt projected ſcheme put an end to, by an interruption, which, though threatening at firſt, rendered

rendered us a party of the moſt happy perſons on the face of the globe.

Our primary care was to procure beds, which we did, with the neighbouring farmers; and, as our gueſts travelled with their own linen, we perceived that we could render them tolerably comfortable.

We then ſpread our tables under the large tree, on the green, and dined in ſtate, finding enough proviſion in our ſtores to furniſh moſt amply the table of the ſervants, which we placed at a ſmall diſtance from our own, and at which the ſurrounding peaſants found a hearty welcome——nor was the wine ſpared on this occaſion.

Perhaps

Perhaps our little hamlet has ſeldom known a day of more feſtivity.

The curioſity of Count Radzivil, the Counteſs, Julia, and myſelf, was much raiſed by the adventures of the morning, but on no ſubject more than as to the hiſtory of Auguſta.

It was about half an hour before the ſun declined, on a moſt lovely evening, that upon a number of deſultory enquiries, which could not be ſatisfactorily anſwered, Altenberg ſaid——

" Count Leopold has made mi-
" nutes of the moſt intereſting oc-
" currences of his life.

" He

" He has frequently been impor-
" tuned to read them to us, but
" has artfully put us off, till this
" moment.

" As the intereſt of his lady, in
" which the preſent company is ſo
" deeply concerned, muſt be cloſely
" interwoven with his own, I now
" claim the promiſe he made to read
" thoſe minutes, at the period when
" their peruſal would be attended with
" the moſt pleaſing effects."

" Ever ſince I have cheriſhed the
" fond hope that ſuch an hour as
" this would arrive," ſaid Leopold,
" I have purpoſely, I confeſs, de-
" ferred it——

" You

"You ſhall now have my ſtory; it "is a bold and ſimple narrative of "facts."

Count Radzivil aroſe——

"God bleſs you, my children," ſaid he, "I am acquainted from Count "Leopold himſelf, with the moſt ma- "terial parts of this ſtory; I am "not ſo young as I was; the ad- "ventures of to-day have ſomewhat "fatigued me——I am oppreſſed with "joy——I mean to lie down for ſome "time——perhaps I may rejoin you "at ſupper; if not, we ſhall meet "at breakfaſt to-morrow."

We did not attempt to detain him.

The

The Counteſs and Julia attended him home, and as ſoon as they returned, Count Leopold began his narration.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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